

# The Industrial Pioneer

*The Illustrated Labor Magazine*

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APRIL, 1924

Slavery in West Virginia

510's Fresh Water  
Campaign

The Negro—A Subject Race

Large Scale Mining  
Makes Robots

Tragedy of the Redwoods

HOMO



# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JAMES LANCE

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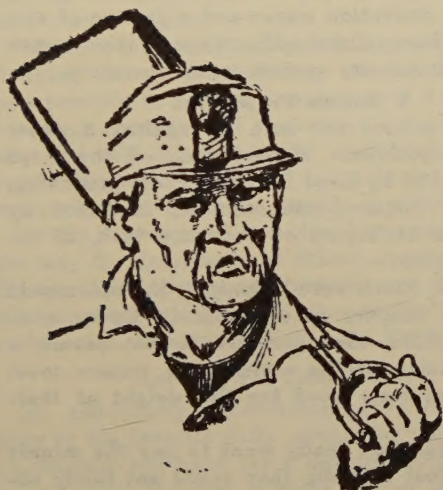
APRIL, 1924

No. 12

## Slavery Exists in West Virginia

By EDWARD LLOYD

### STATE OFFICIALS BOW TO COAL BARONS AND SHUT EYES TO SUFFERING THOUSANDS



ON February 11, 1924, the opening day of the Miners' wage conference, Mr. R. H. Jones, of the Cleveland Press stated: "Sixty-one years ago, West Virginia split from the Confederacy because its people would not stand for slavery. But today the same state endures a more brutal form of bondage. It once fought to free the Negro, but today it does not even turn its hand to free the white."

Correct, Mr. Jones, the State will make no effort to free the white, for as you state further on in your article: "I asked the Governor what the attitude of the powers-that-be in West Virginia, public officials, politicians and capitalists—is toward union labor. 'Very unfriendly', he answered."

For two years nearly five thousand men, women and children—striking union miners and their families—have been living in tents in the Cabin Creek Valley, about fifteen miles from Charleston, the State capital, and even the Governor of the State did not know about it until a few weeks ago.

Governor Morgan in conversation with a Cleveland Press reporter remarked: "I was driving along a road on my way to

address a Sunday School meeting when I saw a lot of tents with women sticking their heads out and children playing in the mud nearby. I asked what the tents were there for and was told they contained striking miners."

"Did you ask him to tell you any more about it?" the Press reporter inquired.

"No," replied the Governor.

"Did you do anything about it?"

"No" was his answer again.

The Governor was not interested, he knew better than that. He knew where his bread and butter came from. He should worry.

The Governor was then asked: "Don't you think that scene—hundreds of women and children hungry because those men are out of work—would have been worth mentioning in a religious address where you would emphasize the Golden Rule?"

"Those men don't want to work," the Governor retorted sharply.

You are wrong, Governor, and you know it, **you deliberately lie.** Those men do want to work, but **they want something in return for their work.** They are tired of carrying a lot of useless parasites like yourself on their backs. These men do not like to see their loved ones slowly starving to death before their eyes, yet **you and your masters,** the coal hogs, force them to it.

#### Hypocrites and Pharisees

The Nazarene mentions you and your masters in the Scriptures; he refers to you as "hypocrites and Pharisees." Not content with hiding your slavery tactics under the cloak of "patriotism" and "flag-waving," you have the supreme gall to preach Him





—International Newsreel Corporation.

#### AT THE FACE OF THE COAL

who said: "In as much as ye (you, Gov. Morgan, and your masters) have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And in this world there is nothing "slimier" than a hypocrite, unless it is a "stoolpigeon," or a scab.

The coal hogs fix the price on their coal, but the Governor (the coal hogs) will not allow the miners who produce all their wealth to have anything to say in regards to the price they shall receive for their labor.

The miners' union, such as it is, is the only thing which kept their wages at or near the point where they could exist during the past years. But contracts with the boss have even rendered the union helpless. The soft coal miners will remain at work and scab on the hard coal miners while they are on strike, and vice versa, owing to the "sacredness" of contracts. Each district is jealous of its "rights" as a district, there is no solidarity amongst them, and in consequence they are impotent.

How different things would be if all the miners, soft and hard coal, as well as all persons engaged in the mining industry: clerks, timekeepers, checkers, skimmers, etc., were organized into One Big Union of Miners. If an injury to one was the concern of all, what would be the result? Let me tell you: Mr. Coal Hog would be digging coal himself, and you would not be feeding him and his brats and keeping them in luxury while you and your children are starving.

#### Mine War Renewed

The war on unionism in the mines—what little there is left of it—has been renewed by the operators, and the Kanawha field is again non-union. Wages have been reduced to the non-union level that prevails in other fields, a cut of thirty-five per cent.

Thousands of miners in both the union and non-union mines are idle because the operators have shut down or the miners are striking to resist a wage cut. Some have not worked since 1922, and others, thousands of them, are working only three days a week at the most.

The scab miners receive only about sixty-six per cent of the wages they received before the operators renewed their war on the union scale. The same conditions are found in Kentucky, as the miners' union never amounted to more than a tinker's dam there, although the mines of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are located in Kentucky.

Consider, then, the plight of even the most fortunate miner, who can obtain work only one-third of the time at a 35 per cent wage reduction. Let us put it into figures. Assume that, in normal times at normal wages, he could work six days a week at \$6 a day. His weekly pay would be \$36. Now reduce his working days to two a week and cut his pay to \$4 a day. He then has \$8 as his total income for the week.

Out of that comes his expenses. Without mentioning other items, just one keg of powder at \$3.50 reduces his income to \$4.50. His board and lodging, if he is a single man, costs \$9 a week. So he is \$4.50 behind. If he is married, with the average miner's family of a wife and five children, his situation is even worse. And he cannot run away from it like the unmarried man. He must stick it out, come what may. And, believe me, just about everything comes except enough to eat and wear.

Yet, with starvation wages and a famine of employment, these distressed miners make grave charges of dishonesty against many operators.

#### A Rotten Proposition

The coal miners are sure up against a sweet smelling proposition. Here is one of the ways they are robbed by these Sunday School preaching, flag-waving, hundred-percenters as described by Mr. Jones in his report of February 12th, to the Cleveland Press:—

"When the mines were unionized, the union paid for a check weigher at each mine. Under non-union conditions, the operators do not permit a check weighman at the scales. The miners must take the operator's word for the weight of their coal.

"If the operators really want to pay the miners for all the coal they dig they could not fairly object to having the weights verified.

(Continued on page 48)



A GROUP OF MINE SLAVES

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



# "Capitalizing Confusion"

By JAMES MORRIS

IT has been said that "events move faster than men." Perhaps this explains the average worker's inability to grasp the essence of things as they really are. Anyhow, in the work of educating and enlightening our fellow workers we are very often confronted with an attitude that fits more closely to the early colonization period in the history of America.

I refer more particularly to the prevailing idea that it is still possible to step out from the rut and blaze a trail to richness and security. Many popular magazines and even some daily newspapers play this idea up big and point with pride to men like Ford who started in life as a mechanic, and Saunders of Piggly Wiggly fame, who began his meteoric career in the capacity of an humble grocer's clerk.

But while the average worker falls for this stuff, knowing as he does, practically nothing of the forces and circumstances that made the success of these men possible, he yet endeavors to apologize for his present lowly status while at the same time sensing the presence of other influences working at contrary angles.

He once believed that by industry and thrift, by denying oneself the ordinary comforts of life, it was possible to lay the foundation of financial and economic security, but the reward for honest labor was and still is, ridiculously inadequate, with the result that while this belief is not as yet completely rejected, it is subject to drastic qualifications.

The rejection of one idea, however, but paves the way for acceptance of others equally fantastic. He has learnt that great fortunes are in many instances acquired by speculation or by "getting in early on a new invention" a la Ford.

## Looking For Easy Money

He assiduously concentrates upon the financial page of his favorite daily newspaper while keeping his weather eye open for a new invention that will revolutionize industry in some way or another and carry him to the dizzy heights of affluence and power.

As a rule, the ordinary worker is not given to figuring things out for himself, being more inclined to accept the advice of others, and in his eagerness to acquire a fortune overnight, he naturally falls for a fine line of talk from specialists in easy money getting.

It might be that he becomes interested in real estate, oil lands, as in California, stocks and bonds in some "reputable firm," or as is usually the case, a get-rich-quick scheme of doubtful and dubious connections.

All of this is the direct result of encouragement and ignorance. It is to the interest of the master class to keep the workers' minds occupied with questions other than those of organization, with its logical concomitants of higher wages, shorter work-

ing days and better working conditions generally. That is why they flaunt the wealth of Ford, Rockefeller and Schwab in the faces of their slaves and cry, "Go ye, and do likewise," knowing full well that they are sending them on a fool's errand to the foot of the rainbow; that is why we see the workers displaying a crazy individualism, denouncing the assistance of their more intelligent fellow workers as an encumbrance and an impediment to their schemes and plans. That is why we witness the easy nonchalance with which the masters of industry cut wages of the workers and shut down the industries whenever they feel so disposed.

## Easy Prey For Boss

The employers of labor, the class which owns every mine, every mill, every railroad, every industry and **every government**, are quick to take advantage of this confusion and capitalize it while they have the opportunity.

All the quack nostrums that have been perpetrated upon the race since time immemorial, are now engaging the attention of the workers. From profit-sharing schemes and investment plans, to alluring Utopias in the wilds of Siberia or South America, each and every one of them has its quota of enthusiastic supporters.

The eagerness with which the workers clutch at these "measures of amelioration" suggest a complete absence of an understanding of even the elementary principles that govern modern society.

Most all workers are dissatisfied with things as they are. A bitter experience has taught them how insecure and uncertain, how subject to the whim of the employers, their life actually is. And yet, it is remarkable, that, knowing this, they do not appreciate the evil inherent in such a condition. The power of one man, such as Ford, to deny to thousands the right to work is rarely ever questioned. The system is right, the victims are wrong.

Were it not for the fact that the accumulating discontent is but a prelude to the ultimate renunciation of established tenets, the outlook would certainly be discouraging. The American worker is at the point where he figures he has suffered enough and is looking around for an easy way out of his dilemma. But he will look in vain. Industries are operated for those who own and not for those who produce.

## Organization Only Hope

The peculiar part of all this is that the workers are compelled to ask of those who own, for more of the things they, the workers, have produced, and in asking they are rebuffed and denied. The workers have not as yet grasped the significance of this.

The exploitation of labor, as visualized by the workers themselves, is not to be criticised or condemned, but acquired as the only means of securing economic freedom. This is a delusion, of course.



The only hope of the workers lies in organization. The employers of labor are perfectly organized and because of this they are able to thwart the efforts of any worker or group of workers to obtain more of the good things of life.

The organization of labor must be as comprehensive as that of the employers, and characterized by the same definiteness of purpose. The workers in all industries must unite in a single organization regardless of race, creed or nationality.

The employers of labor in one country are always ready to render assistance to the employers of another country.

American employers have long followed the practice of importing thousands of workers from European countries whenever they sensed trouble coming from the American workers.

The readiness of one employer to spring to the assistance of another is born of a recognition of mutual interest. All employers realize that in the workers they have an enemy common to all of them, and a defeat inflicted by the workers upon one employer is a defeat administered to all. That is why they unite whenever the workers in any town or nation rise against them. The workers

must do likewise. They have a great deal more in common with themselves than they have with the employers.

All workers are poverty-stricken; all workers toil for starvation wages; all workers are subjected to the will of an exacting master; all workers have something to gain and nothing to lose by organizing against their common enemy, the employers. Nothing that we may ever say or do can justify the slavery under which we exist. We may deny, and often do, that we are slaves, but we must never lose sight of the fact that "the man who owns the means whereby I live, owns me."

The employers of labor are not the masters of industry and of our lives by reason of their greater ability or brains. The workers, rejoicing in their slavery have never thought to question it, and have willingly sold their brains and brawn to those who are notorious for their lack of both.

Let us put an end to all the confusion now existing and use our collective brains and ability to the end that we may build up an organization of workers capable of conducting and operating industry for the benefit of those who do the really useful work of society. Such an organization is the IWW.



## The Immigrant and His Home Ties

By C-4-226

UPON his arrival in the USA the immigrant from Europe, as a rule, expects to find ideal conditions. He hopes to find steady employment and, in a short time, be able to send a ticket for passage to some friend or relative in Europe. Or to earn enough to make an occasional visit to his homeland in a style becoming a worker from the fine America pictured in capitalistic propaganda abroad;—a colorful picture, indeed—in order to make his friends believe that he is making a great success on this side.

During the first period following his arrival the immigrant, as a rule, writes to his kind friends very frequently, although he may be having a very hard struggle.

Say, for instance, he lands in some eastern manufacturing center. He gets a job in one of the steel mills in Pittsburgh, Pa., Gary, Ind., or Joliet, Ill. He works twelve hours a day and receives wages that are barely enough to exist on. Knowing his old folks, especially his mother, would feel very sorry if she received news that her boy did not make good in the land pictured to her as the land of golden opportunities, also hoping that when he learns the English language he will be able to get a better job, he generally says that he is doing very well indeed, and thus keeps up his correspondence with the old country.

Then comes the time when the master's lockers are filled to overflowing with the products of his labor and the factory or mill is shut down,—he moves! Hearing of opportunities in the western states, also dissatisfied with the industrial grind

of the big centers, he proceeds west, only to find that there, too, the masters' lockers are filled to overflowing. Wherever he goes he reads the sign, "No Men Wanted."

The immigrant thus finds himself in the great unemployed army, beating his way on freight trains. At night he sits looking into the campfire built of old railroad ties and wonders how it happened!

From that time on the old folks at home wonder what's the matter with their boy—has he struck it rich in golden America and forgot all about the old home; or has he met with an accident? He always postpones writing to the old folks until he gets straightened up.

Finally his eyes are opened. He sees that the Golden Opportunity does not exist! Ashamed that he has not written home for a long time, unwilling to write unless he can give the old folks some good news, he ceases to write at all.

The girl immigrant goes through the same economic experience, only the exploiting system hits her harder. While the boys are driven into the great horde of migratory workers, going through all kinds of hardship, the girls often are driven into the redlight district—and once there, the old folks never hear from them again!

While the old folks grieve over their lost ones, and the manufacturers of superstitions lead them in prayer, the exploiting system goes on unhampered—until the workers organize and throw the exploiters off their backs.



# The Negro — A Subject Race

By VERN SMITH

**I**F I were a capitalist statesman, I should always see to it that my country had at least one or two subject peoples. They are useful in innumerable ways, not only for what you can get from them through direct exploitation, but for the aid you can derive from them in keeping the rank and file of the dominant race in a position to be exploited.

For curious as it may seem, the extra suppression of a section of the people does not make them allies of other suppressed sections. Worse than that, the lesser suppression of certain sections makes them all the more willing to aid in the extra suppression of others.

History is full of such examples. The House of Hapsburg maintained itself for centuries, by skillfully flattering the rank and file of the Austrian, German and Hungarian Magyar groups, exploiting all the wage workers among them, but exploiting them a little less than they did the Slavs, Rumanians, Italians, etc., and thereby kidding the German and Magyar peoples into the notion that they were the rulers, that they occupied the position of proud conquerors, and in order to stay there, they had to help the Hapsburgs, the nobility, and the great capitalists to keep the Slav, Rumanian and Italian population in "its place."

## Subject Races Enemies of Revolutions

Now see the other side of the question; see what effect this has on revolutions. When the subject peoples of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire got a chance to exercise their own will, largely because of rebellion on the part of the wage workers among the Austro-Germans and the Magyars, these formerly most subjugated races, (the Slavs and Jugo-Slavs, and the Latin peoples), set up little capitalist nations of their own, and waged war recklessly and indiscriminately against the German and Magyar workingmen!

This is the second time they did it too. Way back in 1848-49, it was largely Polish and Bohemian soldiery that broke up the revolution of the Austrian republicans, and reinstated the Hapsburgs and their system, after they had been about finished off.

There are plenty of other cases, of course. It is a well known fact that the Polish subjects of the Czars were much more fiercely oppressed than the real Russians. But that did not make them sympathize with the Russian workers. It made them fight all Russians, and particularly it made them delighted in shooting Russian workers at the behest of the Czar.

India is peculiarly useful to the British Imperialists, not only for the great taxation and market resources it affords, not only because it causes a large section of the British working class to feel like heroic conquerors, and take that feeling in lieu of better wages, but also because it makes the Hindus hate all white skins alike, and become extremely

good gendarmerie for British colonies, soldiers that can be used in the British Capitalists' battles, wherever they are fought.

Just so the subjugation of the Irish made them apparently all the readier to shoot to pieces rebellious India, and made them the personnel of every police force of the English speaking world.

## Negro Used In America

Now the Negro is such a subject people, in America. One has only to talk to the Southern Whites, no matter how poor, no matter how exploited they may be, to find out that the Negro is even more exploited, and that the Southern Poor White assists in maintaining him that way. The Negro schools receive only a modicum of attention, even in those states where the Negro children make up the vast majority of the population; the negro pays taxes, but is given nothing in return; the vagrancy laws make everybody not a property owner guilty of vagrancy, but the Negro is the only native Southerner to be arrested; he does all the hard work (called by the Whites "Nigger-work"); he must be lynched when a white woman is insulted, whether the particular Negro that is lynched had anything to do with it or not; but if a negro woman defends herself against rape, they hang the woman, not her assailant. And in so far as the Whites, poor and rich, capitalist and proletarian do these things to the Negro, just in that measure will the Negro retaliate against both proletarian and capitalist, if they are Whites.

Unfortunately for us, it is easier for him to strike the proletarian, for the White Capitalist occupies a rather invulnerable position, so far as the Negro is concerned. But it is all too easy, when White workers go on strike, to step in and take their places. In the Negro "All Race Congress, or Sanhedrin" just ended in Chicago, the only Negro "laborer" on the committee on Labor, was a Black



A POPULAR CONCEPTION OF NEGRO LABOR  
TODAY THE NEGRO IS FOUND IN EVERY INDUSTRY.



official of the shop crafts union on the Santa Fe Railroad, and this union is a company union, formed among the scabs who broke the strike on that road last year. Negro strike-breakers have functioned on the Frisco waterfront in 1920, in the Great Chicago Packing House strike of 1916; while in East St. Louis, without a regular strike being declared they underbid and crowded out White labor, and now they go into the mines.

#### Exclusion Makes for Race Consciousness

When these sins are held up to them, they point to exclusion clauses which many A. F. of L. unions hold against them. Having been persecuted by the Whites, they do not stop to find out that this persecution is dictated by the White masters, made effective through the ignorance of the White proletariat, and to be stopped by the victory of the White proletariat. That is true, but it is impossible to expect the Negro to see it, especially when he finds the union door slammed in his face, and sees White workers in the lynch mob.

The Negro, as did other subject races before him, is becoming conscious, but it is **race** consciousness, not **class** consciousness. In the nature of things, and if nothing is done to prevent it, we shall find before long, an organized Negro race, led by Negro capitalists, or Negro leaders who are in the employ of White capitalists, all trembling with eagerness to revenge on the White Race the accumulated wrongs, insults and injuries of three generations, and being skillfully steered into opposition to the White workers of America. The Negroes will be strikebreakers with a lot of race prejudice mixed in; sluggers who put some conscience into their black-jacking; machine-gunners who feel a thrill of Black patriotism when they see a crowd of White pickets across the sights of their guns. Could an unbiased observer blame them?

Things move rapidly in the wrong direction. We

have just witnessed another of these first attempts at cohesion among the Negroes as a race, in the Chicago "Sanhedrin," and it was dominated by capitalists and defenders of capitalism. We have lately observed the only Negro radical magazine in America turn coat, and become a slavish booster of "Success". The only large Negro organizations with a social outlook today are the N. A. A. C. P. and Garvey's half million, both strictly race movements. The African Blood Brotherhood is radical but small.

#### How To Make The Negro An Ally

There is one way, and only one way to stop this drift. The radical portion of the White proletariat must at once sharply define its break with the White bourgeoisie, and the ideology of "Superior Races". The only way we can do this at all is to emphasize and over-emphasize the fact that we have absolutely no part in the discrimination against the Black skin. We will have to go considerably out of our way to make this clear. We will have to sit with the Negro in the street car by choice, and not by necessity, and we will have to be even more polite to his women than we are to those of fairer skin. And we must add to such examples as these a vigorous, public, defiant defense of all Negro workers in whatever trouble they find themselves, and never tire of protecting against, striking against, and struggling in every way possible against, jim-crow laws, lynchings, and every other form of vicious attack on the Negro as a race. This is the only way we can make the Negro masses see that there are two sorts of white men, proletarians (friendly) and capitalists (hostile).

It is not enough to merely admit him to the IWW, most of the Negroes won't hear of this. We must go farther, and make a demonstration of solidarity for him. If we don't the capitalist will use him to club us to death.



## Alibi Al's Ranch

The ranch of A. B. Fall at Three Rivers, New Mexico, has 15,000 cattle grazing over an area of fifty square miles. A hydroelectric irrigating and power plant costing approximately \$200,000 is now being finished. An orchard of 100 acres and 400 acres of alfalfa stretch almost as far as the eye can see. It is said the ranch includes 40,000 acres of school sections, 30,000 acres of land on the Mescalero Indian Reservation and 35,000 acres of the Forest Reserve which has been leased. The value is placed at about \$500,000.

There sure is money in oil!



**BOOST THE IWW PRESS; READ THE  
INDUSTRIAL WORKER  
INDUSTRIAL PIONEER  
INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY**

## Workers!

We do not starve because there is no bread  
We do not freeze because there is no coal,  
We do not walk because no motors roll,  
We do not live without a sheltered head  
Because there is no lumber, brick or stone  
Wherewith to build us dwellings,—Workers, no!

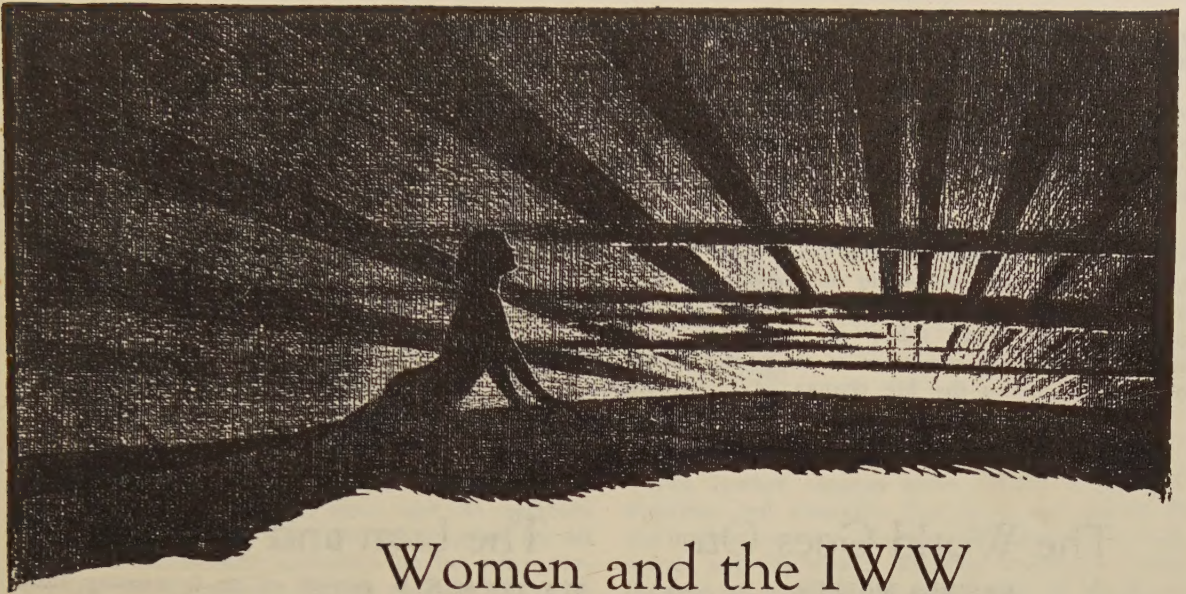
We starve because the wheat crop others own  
Who feed fat on the produce of our toil,  
We freeze because the Master holds the coal  
Wrung by our labor from the murky soil,  
We walk because the buzzards riding by  
Lean on our wealth and rest upon our brawn,  
We homeless live, and poor and homeless die,  
Because we let the parasites rule on!



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**INDUSTRIAL PIONEER**





## Women and the IWW

**T**WO women readers of Industrial Pioneer send in the following letters of interest to the working class. They both express the wish that women will come to realize more fully the aim and object of the IWW and will take a real interest in making it a true weapon for the emancipation of the workers. We are always glad to hear from our rebels of the gentle sex and we hope with the writer of the second letter that the Pioneer will soon grow to a point where it will have "A Mother's Corner." On rebel mothers depends the future of the working class. Nothing would suit us better than more letters like these. And we're not too busy to appreciate them.

### From a Stenographer

No doubt you are pretty busy, but if you don't mind I should like to talk a little about Buffalo. I have wanted for some time to "talk it over" with a woman in headquarters, and I hope you won't mind my picking on you.

The first thing is, I should like to see the women get started here. Perhaps I am a little ahead of the story, because we haven't all the men yet. But we're on the way there and with the coming of spring and better weather, we will no doubt get really started.

Perhaps you know that the MTW made the start here, opening the branch hall on Michigan Avenue. They worked pretty hard, but of course it is just a start. They have a few of the "homeguard" but most of those who attend the meetings are traveling men.

Buffalo, though an industrial city, if there is one, is about the least organized and the most conservative industrially. In fact, I have heard my master brag many a time that "labor in Buffalo being the cheapest obtainable in every way, and labor conditions being the best, he is able to turn out an excellent product for less money." And aside from the idiocy of the latter part of it, it is not exaggerated.

So you see it is very hard to make a start here. Now, on account of the severe weather, things are more or less at a standstill, but as soon as the Lakes open up, and other things as well, we will show the master what his labor conditions are like.

I suppose it is true everywhere, but I have been more or less disgusted with the way the girls have been doing, and I should like to see them get

started. Most of them are so absorbed with what they did last night and what they wore and how he looked, etc., that they have no time to see how they work and how little it brings them. As far as I have been able to determine, I am at the present time the only girl Wobbly here. And while I am proud to be one, I'd like to see other girls get in as well, because that is the only way we can get anywhere.

I am a stenographer and a 440 member. While I cannot talk about it where I work, I do try and point out conditions whenever I can. And I have been trying to speak to my friends about it.

It may be that later on if it is advisable, we can get a woman speaker to tell the girls wherever we can get them assembled, a little about themselves and to show them how they can make men of the men (if that's a vital subject) instead of pulling them farther down into slavery, by taking their places, their time and thought.

Well, I've talked on quite a bit here, and should like to hear from you whenever you find it convenient to write. I should like to hear another girl Wobbly's opinion. Besides, I am a new Wobbly and may be wrong on some things.

I've only lightly touched on some of the things, in order to give you a general idea of conditions in Buffalo.

### From a Mother

I am sure that I want my boy to start earlier in life as a fighter in the right cause and help to push along that which his father and I are now trying to help. It seems one can do so little toward such a big movement, yet what little we all do when put to-



gether in our OBU makes for its strength and big-  
ness.

I do not remember at what time in life I began to  
"kick" at the unfairness of things but I feel that  
had my good mother been of the same belief as I  
now am probably I would have been of more use  
to the organization.

It has been the belief of the past generation to  
take what was given you and thank God for it;  
believing, too, that you would receive your reward  
hereafter. If one is to believe in Christ's princi-  
ples at all they must follow up his principles of  
trying to better the conditions of the poorer classes  
or workers, hence the big change of today, the

striving towards Industrial Solidarity. For myself  
I ask nothing better than to aid in this great class  
struggle and I feel that, as "The hand that rocks the  
cradle rules the world," it is high time that hand  
becomes educated along the lines of which way the  
cradle should be rocked.

I would sure like to see all mothers more inter-  
ested in Industrial Unionism, at least I am glad a  
few are. I am very much interested in the Pioneer  
and hope it grows until we can have a gossipy Moth-  
er's Corner in it. It will indeed be an International  
Magazine by then.

—X114905.



## The World Goes On

By VERA MÖLLER

**A** BABY starves at a starving mother's breast,  
And yet the world goes on.  
The guiltless are hung, while the knaves go  
free,

Yet the currents of life still run;  
A maiden must sell herself for bread,  
Yet suns shine as they've always done.  
And that which has been, will be, men say;  
Since it has been, it must be so,  
Since beings have lived, given life and died,  
In the midst of oppression and woe.  
But they forget that the god's mills grind,  
Even when they grind slow.

A slave dreams of freedom and files at his chains,  
And yet the world goes on;  
The oppressed of a nation rise up in their wrath,  
And a few bloody tyrants are gone.  
Serfs gather and plan to uprising, but no bolt,  
Strikes them dead with the coming of dawn.  
And since there has always been cruelty and wrong,  
They tell us it still must be;  
Yet 'tis true that while many have always been  
slaves,  
That there's many who have longed to be free.  
Is the weakling or hero the one in the end  
Who shall shape the world's destiny?

For the veils are rent that have hidden truth;  
Men are looking upon her face,  
And fruits are ripening, buds burst in bloom,  
As the earth whirls on through space.  
And men have grown whose strong hands shall mold  
The fate of the human race.  
And a little more evil went to its grave  
With every black year that's gone.  
And the worker shall come into his own  
With sinew and might and brawn;  
There's a future to right every wrong of the past,  
And still the world goes on.

## The Lion and the Lamb

**W**E ARE in receipt of an interesting little  
clipping from Long Beach, California, which  
tells of a banquet for the Chamber of Com-  
merce which was run by the local bricklayers' union.

The clipping says in part:

"After the banquet one of the bricklayers' offi-  
cials spoke briefly, telling of the desire for co-op-  
eration which caused the bricklayers to affiliate with  
the chamber, and calling attention to the fact that,  
although a year previous, the union had informed  
both the city council and the chamber of the willing-  
ness of the bricklayers' membership to serve on  
committees in advancement of community interest,  
as yet no such appointments had been made."

We do not think many Pioneer readers will need  
to have the moral of this tale pointed out to them.  
It's the old story over again, and it looks as though  
the ambitions of the bricklayers to "break in" will  
be as unfruitful as those of the newly-rich in con-  
nection with the "400." There's two things we  
would like to know. Just what did the bricklayers  
expect and what were the real motives behind such  
an unsavory affiliation?

But wait, there's one thing we overlooked. This  
remarkable proceeding took place in California. Per-  
haps that accounts for it. AFL unions are very  
peculiar in that benighted commonwealth, as wit-  
ness their action, or lack of it, in the Mooney  
and Billings cases and in the inhuman persecutions  
of the IWW under the Criminal Syndicalism laws.  
Maybe the Long Beach bricklayers were afraid they  
might "make the can" unless they affiliated with  
the Chamber of Commerce. And from the clipping  
it doesn't look as though there was any "welcome"  
on the mat for them, at that.

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### BULLY FOR EUGENE V. DEBS!

Though confined to a sick room, he writes:

"My voice can never be that of weakness, or of  
pessimism or despair."

That's the stuff!





# 510's Fresh Water Campaign



By A LAKE SAILOR

**S**PRING is almost here again; navigation on the Great Lakes will soon open, and the members of MTWIU 510 are busy laying plans for an intensive organization campaign on the lakes during the coming season. On this account a few figures showing the immensity of the marine industry on the Great Lakes may not be amiss.

The average yearly tonnage of the Great Lakes is about 100,000,000 tons. This vast tonnage, greater than that floated on the Mediterranean, Black Sea and Suez Canal combined, is about one-half the total tonnage of water-borne freight in the United States.

Iron ore and coal make up 90 per cent of the tonnage of the lakes, the remaining 10 per cent being accounted for by grain, lumber, stone, and package freight. Iron ore, however, is far ahead of any other commodity and makes up about 75 per cent of the total.

Most of the ore is loaded at Duluth-Superior and Two Harbors, Minn., both ports of great strategic importance in the coming organization campaign. Escanaba, Ashland and Marquette formerly were great ore ports but of late years the demand for the particular grades of ore loaded at these ports has fallen off and not much ore has been loaded in any of them.

The ore cargoes are nearly all discharged at Lake Erie ports. Ashtabula, Conneaut, Buffalo and Cleveland are the principal unloading ports from which the ore is forwarded to the mills in the Pittsburg and Youngstown districts. Ore discharged at Buffalo is used in the Lackawanna and Wickwire plants, located in that city. Lake Michigan ports, chiefly South Chicago and Gary, use approximately 10 per cent of the total ore tonnage.

## Coal Big Factor

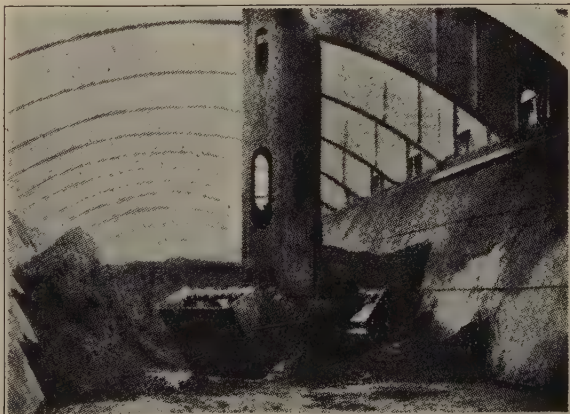
Coal forms the chief item of west-bound lake freight. A total of 31,313,000 tons were carried in 1923, most of it to Lake Superior ports from which much of it is shipped to the grain-raising states of the Northwest. John Farmer in North and South Dakota and Minnesota is dependent on the lake sailors for his winter fuel. Lake Michigan gets approximately 25 per cent of the coal carried. Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Green Bay and Manitowoc being the principal unloading ports.

The lumber cargoes come chiefly from Lake Superior and Georgian Bay ports and nearly all the lumber hookers unload at Chicago, North Tonawanda and Cleveland. Package freight is carried between all ports of any importance on the lakes; Buffalo, Duluth, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Detroit are the ports to and from which the bulk of it is moved. Grain moves between Duluth-Superior, Fort William and Port Arthur, Ont., and Buffalo. Grain forms an important item of freight in the fall months, many boats are used in this trade and many million bushels are transported every year.

Some idea of the magnitude of the industry IU 510 is attempting to organize this summer may be gained by comparing a few lake figures with those of salt water. The Panama Canal and those located at Sault Ste. Marie (four locks on the American side of the river and one on the Canadian) offer a fine opportunity for comparison. In 1921 the Panama Canal passed through 11,599,214 tons and Sault Ste. Marie, commonly called the "Soo" Canal handled 48,259,254 tons. Last year, one of the busiest ever known on the lakes, the difference was much greater.

## Many Men Needed

To operate the fleet of boats necessary for carrying this enormous tonnage approximately 35,-



## IN THE HOLD OF AN ORE-CARRIER.

Notice the absence of beams or obstructions which would delay the work of unloading cargo.



000 sailors and firemen, oilers and cooks are needed. Not all of them are aboard ship at any one time, however, as every port on the lakes, during the navigation season, has large numbers of men who have been paid off and who are waiting for another job. A good guess would place the number of men actually employed during the summer months at about 26,000.

Most of the lake sailors are unorganized. At one time the Lake Seamen's Union, the Marine, Firemen, Oilers and Watertenders and the Marine Cooks' and Stewards' unions had the men pretty well lined up and the boats operated on the "closed shop" plan. But since 1908, when the last agreement between the Lake Carriers' Association and the unions expired, the majority of the boats have been "American" plan. The unions still have agreements with some of the lumber and passenger carrying companies but these employ only a negligible part of the men on the lakes. With the loss of the strike of 1908-1912 most of the sailors fell away from the craft unions and until now the Lake Carriers' Association has had everything its own way.

#### Blacklist Must Be Abolished

This LCA is really another arm of the Steel Trust; most of the boats coming under its jurisdiction are owned by companies either wholly or partly controlled by Gary and his tribe. They have established fink shipping halls in all important

lake ports and all men hired for association boats must be vouched for by the finks in charge. Around these fink halls has developed one of the most vicious and unfair blacklisting systems in America. No one who dares to voice disapproval of the high-handed tactics of the master is wanted, and by shipping all men through these fink halls only docile slaves can get the privilege of killing themselves for the master. These fink halls are an eyesore to militant labor, an insult to be resented with as much power as possible, and the members of IU 510 are determined to abolish them and establish union halls from which to ship the men. The abolition of these affronts to the dignity of Labor will be the first step to victory on the lakes and will pave the way for other betterments, such as the three-watch system, which exists only in the fireholds and engine rooms. The wheelmen and watchmen still work twelve hours, and the deckhands often longer.

Meetings have been held in Buffalo and Chicago and a central conference was held in Cleveland on March 17, just before the opening of navigation. Realizing what a large undertaking they have embarked on, the members of IU 510 are co-operating with IU 440, IU 210 and IU 520 in order to be able to bring pressure to bear at as many points as possible. With the sailors, railroaders, miners and steel workers presenting a united front to the steel trust something is sure to be accomplished. It's high time. Slavery cannot be endured forever.



#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Hiram Corntassel's son Percy came home from college with a lot of new-fangled ideas which didn't suit the old man a bit. After Percy had hung around about two weeks Hiram inquired what he intended doing.

"Well," said his young hopeful, "I think I'll take a long rest and commune with nature where the woodbine twineth."

"I've got a better idea than that," said the old man. "You've had about four years' rest, and as far as communing with nature goes, I think you can do that better in the harvest field where the good twine bindeth."

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#### WHAT WE'RE COMING TO

A large gyro-electric plant near Searsburg, Vermont, located far in the wilderness, regulates itself without human aid. It is wholly automatic in control and if serious trouble arises in its mechanism, it shuts down and stays shut down until experts make things right again. It has a capacity of 6,500 horse power.

#### ANDY'S BOOMERANG

While attending a meeting here in New York, with an audience made up of seamen, something humorous happened. I got a thrill out of it and if it were in the Pioneer, others might get a kick also.

Famous "Andy" told the seamen, in a sarcastic manner, that the "Wobblies" were not satisfied with better conditions in the form of shorter hours, more pay, better food and sleeping quarters, but, "Do you know what they want? They want the **ships!**"

At this he drew his old dried-up frame back slowly expecting to receive a great expression of sarcasm from the audience, but instead the hall was so quiet that one could have heard a pin drop, when suddenly a seaman, about two-thirds of the way back in the audience, arose to his feet, a fine looking husky young fellow, with a powerful voice that delivered these clear words of well spoken English, "Yes, and we will soon get them, too."

At this the whole house roared with applause.

Shortly after the meeting was adjourned by the audience and not Andy.

"Hold the Fort," was the parting hymn.

Card No. 712705, IU 520.



# A House and a Castle

By EVA B. PILLSBURY

This is a true story. It is recent history in a leading Pacific Coast city. The contrast it depicts is old. But in this country there are many innocents who believe it does not exist.

IN a big, young state, the scenic beauty of whose rivers and highways is far famed, where roses bloom ten months in the year, and the hills and valleys are forever verdant; here in a populous city where the friendly gods have given everything that the heart of man can desire, there is yet unrest and the burning consciousness of human injustice.

There was Tony Martini who lived, and still lives, technically, in one of the less desirable residence districts locally known as "Little Italy."

Tony has a young wife and two black-eyed babies. He is buying a little home on the installment plan, for Tony had a steady job with the streetcar company along its right-of-way, and every day he drew three dollars, until lately.

High on the western hills overlooking the city, among rows and rows of lordly homes standing in proud seclusion, lives Benjamin F. Seymour, a well known financier. His home is among the finest, and his family is of the elite. Unmistakably so, for only such as have stamped upon their passports the magic sign of the dollar are admitted there as friends and equals.

The distance between the four-roomed cottage of Martini down in "Little Italy" and the stately pillared palace of Benjamin F. Seymour on "The Heights" is immeasurable socially.

"Will you not make some wine, husband?" pleaded little Carlotta, in her soft Italian tongue. "I get so weak with nursing this big baby."

"But, no, little wife," objected Tony, inwardly rebelling against a law that will not allow a man to make a little—a very little—wine for a delicate wife.

"The men who make the laws in this America say that we must not make wine. I do not know why they make such a law, but perhaps they have a reason."

Still the little Carlotta pleaded and wept, and daily grew more languid, until finally one dark night Tony brought home a crate of grapes.

That night he worked late in the basement, and when he went to bed there were several fine bottles of wine hidden in a corner under a pile of canvas sacks.

As time went on, little Carlotta regained some of her girlish bloom and spirits, for the sparkle and flavor of the wine somehow made her feel that she was back again in her beautiful Italy.

But one day some boys rummaging in the basement for junk, found the last two bottles of wine and told of it in the neighborhood. And the story floated about.

The next night the police came and arrested Tony, tearing him from the arms of Carlotta who

clung to him, with her nursing baby at her breast.

Tony was placed in a cell, under a bootlegging charge. His bail was fixed at five hundred dollars. But all of Tony's friends were as poor as he, so there he stayed.

Soon there was no food in the little home, and at the request of the police bureau, Organized Charity went out and "investigated." Milk was ordered sent to the home, also bread and bacon and beans.

"But no," objected Carlotta. "I no like 'Merican bread; you giva me sack flour. I maka Italia bread. I can no eata bacon. Mabbe you gif few tomatoes?"

"No," said Organized Charity, "we do not give luxuries. You must take what we offer or we can do nothing." A sack of flour indeed! Preposterous! She might sell it and use the money for something else. You can never trust these poor people.

Then after long waiting Tony was brought into municipal court for trial. Curiously enough, Benjamin F. Seymour was brought into district court on that same day to be tried for a similar offense; the only difference being, that while Tony had been discovered with two bottles of wine in his possession, the financier had been discovered with \$12,000 worth of choice bonded liquors, hidden away in a carefully constructed cupboard built into the back of his garage.

Tony had no lawyer, but had at his side an Italian friend to speak in his behalf. The judge listened with patience, if somewhat absent-mindedly.

Tony made his statement; it was not impressive, though straight-forward. Then his friend told in broken English of Tony's good record as a worker, as a neighbor, as a man. Meanwhile the judge teetered back and forth in his high-top swivel chair, his head recumbent and his eyes closed. He may have been deliberating. He may have been sleeping.

At the proper time, however, he opened his eyes, bent them sternly upon Tony. "The accused admits the charge. The evidence offered in respect to his moral character is irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent. It may be ruled out. This court decides that Tony Martini shall be confined in jail for a period of three months and in addition shall pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars."

Tony turned excitedly, and with frantic Latin gestures addressed the court, the spectators, the walls, the ceiling, to the effect that two hundred and fifty dollars was just that amount more than he could raise. At which, the judge with the utmost leniency decreed that he remain an extra three months in jail in lieu of the fine. Then Tony was led away.

Meanwhile, over in the district court, fortified by



his counsel composed of three eminent attorneys, sat Benjamin F. Seymour, easy, supercilious and confident.

Behind the bench sat the judge, a good man as men go, but one who wanted and needed the good will of influential men like the one on trial. In the jury box were nine men and three women from various walks in life, of various grades of intelligence. The personality, the prejudices and the selfish interests of one or two of these people would dominate the whole group. The end was easy to forecast.

Witnesses came one after another to the chair; witnesses who might perhaps have offered much valuable testimony for the state, had it not happened that their memories failed them at the most vital point. Therefore the testimony against the alleged bootlegger was not damaging, being almost wholly negative. The witnesses were like people whose vision had been blurred by something bright and glittering.

At the proper time the young and ardent prosecuting attorney spoke in behalf of the state. He took time to be forceful and dramatic. He did his best. He pranced in front of the jury box and shook his handful of papers warningly in the faces of the nine men and three women, and worked himself up into a splendid frenzy. The members of the jury followed him with more or less attention, the accused man with amused tolerance. The latter was not required to testify in his own behalf, which fact robbed the packed courtroom of an expected pleasure.

During the week preceding the trial of Benjamin F. Seymour the daily papers had somewhat enlightened an interested public as to the line of defense that would probably be presented, so there was a stir of interest when Attorney Sampson Wiley rose to his full height of six feet one, straightened his shoulders, folded his arms, and stood eloquently silent. When he became sure that all eyes were fixed on him, he began talking gently as a pastor to his flock, of man's duty to his brother man; of one's obligation to observe the small sweet courtesies of life; of the indignity and humiliation that had been heaped upon this splendid representative citizen of theirs in the unwarranted and violent raid made by the police upon his home in the dead of night, when he and his cultured family were enjoying the peace and supposed privacy of their own fireside.

"The fact that they found liquor," asserted he with a swift gesture of brushing something violently aside, "bears no relation whatever to the principle involved in this case. The police had no positive evidence that our client had liquor concealed on his premises. A tip from an anonymous source was all that they had—and did this, my friends,—I ask you in all sincerity,—did this justify them in forcing an entrance into this man's house, in ransacking every part of it, in bringing mental anguish upon a refined and proud spirited woman, and undeserved shame to a group of inno-

cent children? We are not living in feudal times when a man, to be safe from the attack of hatred and envy, must hide himself within walls of stone and iron.

"And since those days of persecution and terror there has grown up a different code, a changed ideal regarding our obligation toward one another. And out of this changed attitude has grown the saying, 'A man's house is his castle,' meaning that inside of that sacred enclosure he is, and must be, secure from intrusion, as safe from violence as though behind walls of masonry and gates of brass."

With all the magnetic power of voice and eyes and controlled but eloquent gesture, Attorney Wiley held the attention of that row of men and women without apparent effort, until he could feel by a subtle sense long cultivated and quite accurate, that he had won the jury.

Then he let his voice fall into that intimate and heart-to-heart level that he had always found effective. "My friends and neighbors," he said in a tone almost caressing, "we have been told today that this man has broken a law. He makes no attempt to deny it. But, in your deliberations in the jury room, remember this, that there are moral laws more fundamental, more sacred than any written upon our statutes. If Benjamin F. Seymour has broken our laws has he not already been punished sufficiently? Has not his good name been vilified—his home unjustly invaded, himself and his family made to suffer intense humiliation and mental anguish? Would not further punishment be apparently vindictive and revengeful?"

Allowing his eyes to rest confidently upon the two or three jurors whom he felt instinctively would have a dominating influence upon the rest, he made his voice still more gentle and intimate.

"I feel that as a body you are convinced—that you have been convinced by your own intelligent meditation upon the merits of the case, and in view of the fact that the police of this city did, violently and upon anonymous report, raid the home and premises of our client, thereby causing this man and his family intense mental anguish and humiliation, we ask this jury to find Benjamin F. Seymour not guilty, by reason of unjust arrest, and we ask that the charge against him, be dismissed. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I leave the verdict with you."

Bowing graciously, Attorney Wiley stepped backward and slid his long body gently into a chair. His very silence was vocal with conquest.

The crowd rustled and looked at the judge. He rose immediately and gave his instructions to the jury. It is doubtful if the jurors listened to them with any degree of concentration.

They were still under the glamour of the attorney's fluent words and his magnetic personality. Also, they were tired, and the air was becoming stuffy. They filed out of the courtroom as those whose duty is already done.

In twenty minutes they were led back by the bailiff, the foreman holding in his hand the fateful



slip of paper on which was written the decision of the nine men and three women composing the jury in the case of the State versus Benjamin F. Seymour.

The foreman, a little red-nosed man, adjusted his glasses, fingered his left ear, and, raising a slip of paper where all could see it, read in a somewhat husky voice: "We, the jury, in the case of the State against Benjamin F. Seymour, accused of bootlegging, do find the accused not guilty, because of the fact that his home was unlawfully entered and searched, upon a warrant issued without sufficient information to justify the issuance of such a warrant;—

"That the act of violence caused the defendant intense humiliation and mental suffering and does in our opinion constitute a reason for canceling the charge against him. Therefore we find the accused not guilty and pray the honorable judge to quash the indictment, withdraw the charge and dismiss the case."

The defendant walked out of the courthouse that

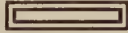
day exonerated by decree of the court and surrounded by his smiling attorneys.

The "evidence" consisting of \$12,000 worth of fine bonded liquors still reposes sealed and condemned in the vaults of the federal bureau, to be destroyed some day, we are told.

Tony Martini is still serving out his sentence behind the bars in the county jail, and Organized Charity is supplying Carlotta and the black-eyed babies with milk, bread, bacon and beans. The installments against the tiny home are piling up and the little family is threatened with eviction; and another man has got Tony's job.

One thing, however, has been made clear: A man's house is his castle; if so be he has the means to engage in its defense the strange and intricate machinery of the law.

But, if on the other hand, he be too poor or too ignorant to avail himself of these equivocal and strategic measures of relief, his home is but a house—a house of cards at that, and likely to be tumbled about his ears at the first wave of adversity. And this is America.



## Crossing the Mason-Dixon Line

A BOARD a train between Carbondale (Illinois) and Memphis\*\*\* As I was reading an article about sun treatment for the eyes, I felt a commotion around me, and looking up I noted that many people in this chair car were arising with their luggage, and leaving their seats. Then I began to hear sneering remarks by male passengers, such as: "It will be different now, in here." "Glad they are getting out of here." "Three cheers for the Mason-Dixon line!" Then I realized that it was the negroes who were leaving!

On hearing the remarks, I observed on the negroes' faces expressions of sorrow, suppression, fear, and contempt!—similar to how I feel. A sudden realization of the incident stunned me. I am still shocked and cold with surprise. I am ashamed of the white people. These passengers gloat audibly as the colored folk pick up their luggage and with the appearance of crushed spirit they leave this chair car. How intensely they must hate us!

Christ,—Jesus! What a religion is "Christianity" to countenance this!

"Last call for dinnah," monotones the colored porter as he glides down the swaying aisle in his white uniform. How does he regard us? God, what 'justice'!! I am ashamed of the white race, shockingly ashamed. I have to restrain myself from crying and berating and cursing these smug fellow-passengers,—the dirty-hearted SNOBS!

My feverishly rosy cheeks, white arms against my silken black velvet skirt, make me feel like a cheat,

—just as if I do not deserve this fair complexion. By what accident, what chance, am I WHITE? By what—, oh, I am furious! Would that I were such a miraculous artist that I could and might (and believe me, I WOULD) paint BLACK all of these white fiends, these human vampires! None of these bastard-souled white southern "gentlemen" shall sit by me in this car if I can prevent it! I immediately secured a seat by a window, left by an elderly negro, and I plunked my heavy coat and hat down on the aisle seat (like the rest of these "hospitable" southerners had already done among themselves) and none of them shall sit by me,—curse their lynching hearts! My kingdom and my inheritance would I give to talk with a real rebel, right now!

Intense feelings of bitter shame well up within me, my breath comes hot and fast! Give us WAR! Give us stronger capitalism! Give us anything to force these cursed white southerners to rub shoulders with their black brothers, to eat WITH them instead of being fed by them,—to suffer with them. Damn these southerners, I hate them!

They have an accent of their own. It is drawling, broad, soft and beautiful. It is so because of being a close resemblance to the musical, soothing and strangely often happy "dialect" of the negroes whom they despise and dehumanize! These white-livered whites! They hate what they imitate! What retributive irony! I grate my teeth and, half fearfully murmur, "You slimy South!"



# Nobody Knows

By EDWARD CONNOR

OH, nobody knows where the hobo goes,  
Nobody knows, nobody knows;  
Nobody knows where the hobo goes,  
That's the way the old song goes.  
Boom a little saxaphone, rap the little drums,  
Make a little music for the doggone bums,  
And we'll sing a little ditty till the old freight  
comes,  
Then we're going where nobody knows.

There's nobody knows where the hobo goes  
When the sun shines warm and jungles call,  
Oh, nobody knows where the old bo goes  
When the long straw's yellow in the fall.  
Old cars a-coughin' up the old Soo line,  
Hoosier's surely makin' that old separator whine,  
Pitchin' in the field is where the old boes shine;  
Oh, nobody knows where the old bo goes  
When the long straw's yellow in the fall.

And nobody knows where the young bo goes  
When the cold north wind  
Starts to whistle through his clothes;  
Oh, nobody knows where the young bo goes  
When the snowballs rattle on his spine.  
Turp' camp down in Gawgia,  
Cracker on a stump;  
Big bull whip he carries, makes the blizzard-dodgers  
hump;  
Watch 'em flag it out of Gawgia when they've  
done their little bump;  
Eut nobody knows where the young bo goes,  
When the snowballs rattle on his spine.

Oh, nobody knows where the hobo goes,  
When his pals don't meet him any more,  
Nobody knows where the hobo goes,  
When he's tapped on his last back door.  
Katy flyer strung him half a mile,  
Not much left except the clothes he wore.

Not so loudly, saxaphone; not so lively, drum,  
A little soft music for a hard luck bum,  
And we'll sing a little ditty till the track hands'  
come,

To put him where he should have been before.  
For nobody knows where the hobo goes;  
The young bo goes, the old bo goes,  
Oh, nobody knows where the dead bo goes  
When he's tapped on his last back door.

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## HE KNEW WHO TO WATCH

It is a matter of self-protection with the economic organization to watch and control the political—Daniel De Leon, quoted in the WIIU organ against the SLP.

# More About the Migratory Worker's Diary

ABOUT the time the February issue of the Pioneer reached this land of peonage, which certainly is a mild term for this Imperial Valley, I received a bunch of letters, fifty-three to date, to be exact, all relating to that 1923 diary. This is more mail than I have received in twenty years.

These letters contain various shades of opinion and are more or less of a flattering nature. Some of them ask if 1923 was not an exceptionally prosperous year, to which I answer, better than a good many I have lived through. And some from fellow workers of a kidding nature who say I am taking a chance of being called a jobite, which every wobbly who has the interest of this organization at heart should not fear, because nowhere else can we function successfully. And still other letters from story writers who would like to have me fill in what happened on and off the job.

I am giving you this information for whatever it is worth to you. Do not think I am trying to break into print any more.

I don't know how many issues of the Pioneer are sold. But I know from these letters that it is reaching out all over this old U. S. A., and that is what should make every wobbly feel good, at least that is the way it affects me, and I for one am not overlooking any chance of putting our literature in the hands of the men who toil.

Yours for the emancipation of the working class.

James Foy, 414450.

Calipatria, Cal.

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## WOMAN'S PART

Out of 54 callings followed by women, half of the number in the survey are engaged in stenography. Few realize the importance of women in the business life of the world. Policies shaped by men are made living, working things, by the work and faithfulness of women. Much of the nation's business machinery is kept in running order by women with the pencils, pads, and typewriters.

It can't truthfully be said that this is a man-made world.

Newllano Colonist.

Of course not. That's why the IWW insists on organizing the women.

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## SLAVE'S LULLABY

Hush-a-bye baby, on the treetop,  
When you grow up you can work in a shop;  
When you are married your wife can work too,  
So that the rich will have nothing to do.  
Hush-a-bye baby on the treetop,  
When you are old your wages will stop,  
And when you have spent what little you save  
It's rock-a-bye baby, off to the grave.

—Anonymous.



# What Food Costs in Los Angeles

SOME TRICKS OF MERCHANTS

By WOODBY SIANTIFIC

**L**AST night my mate and I fell to discussing food prices. She had been through some very unpleasant experiences in the down-town markets. Twice or thrice a week she faces the dangers of locomotion in the down-town chaos for the purpose of replenishing our larder. There are markets up here in the neighborhood round about us, but the prices are double those of the larger places—and the large ones are not cheap.

One week ago she paid five cents a bunch for carrots, turnips, etc. Yesterday the bunches were smaller and they cost eight cents. That is an increase of 60 per cent in one week. Peas were thirty-five cents a pound. Cauliflower was begging at 35—40 cents a head. Tomatoes were marked twenty-five cents a pound. Cabbage, nine cents a pound.

Every item, high enough normally, had advanced from 50 to 100 per cent in the course of a week. The reason offered by the artful robbers who peddle out these precious articles of food was SCARCITY. Scarcity! in a state that boasts of producing more fruits and vegetables than any other state in the Union.

Scarcity has not increased the prices paid the producer for his commodities. It happens that I was working near the Terminal Produce Market yesterday. The items listed above, and many others were being offered to retail dealers for a pitifully low price. And mind you, Commissioners and Jobbers were doing the selling. These were the second or third hands the foods had passed through. The figures Mr. Farmer received must have been microscopic.

The writer has been reliably informed that the man with the plow rarely receives more than five or six dollars per ton for cabbage. That cabbage retails for \$180.00 per ton! Letters from friends of ours in the apple district of Oregon and Washington inform us that thousands of bushels of apples are rotting on the ground because of prices so low that gathering expense could not be paid. This is an old story and is familiar to every inhabitant of the country. But the signs around the fruit markets read, "Apples, 10 cents a pound." Apples are scarce! As scarce, no doubt, as eggs were some time ago when, it is reported, food inspectors of California found that many of the white fresh appearing ones were cold storage eggs that had been subjected to a sanding process that whitened them.

## What Will the Little Ones Eat?

In one of the big markets Wife saw many disappointed women turn away from the stalls. She followed some of them and their empty bags into the basement. Here was a revelation. Displays of inferior "fresh" fruits and vegetables. Most of it was in the first and second stages of decay. However, there was very little difference in the quality of this layout and that up above. It is a notorious fact that in this city the shrewd jackals in charge of the fruit and vegetable stands always camouflage their goods. You see great pyramids of delicious fruits. You stop to buy twenty-five cents worth of this or that, and the clever business man digs out your two or three pounds from behind the front layer. It is half rotten and scrawny. He throws it on to a set of antique scales, deftly manipulating them so that the indicator shows just the amount you ordered. If you complain he tries to humiliate you by loudly accusing you of being a cheap skate.

In this basement there was no camouflage, for

everything was of poor quality. The prices were slightly lower than upstairs. There were more sales here than above, but what was that commotion over next to the counters. Wife went over to investigate. Tomato sauce, jams and jellies at five and ten cents a can. The very sweepings of factories. Literally poisons! Those poor, haggard faces smiled a little here. They loaded their bags with this refuse, this garbage that was canned to contaminate the bellies of innocent little children who are so unfortunate as to have slaves for parents.

## Slaves Do Not Understand

It matters not whether the acreage of a particular foodstuff is less or not. The industrial slaves are too remote from the agrarian producers to appreciate the fact that millions of bushels of potatoes, apples, turnips and other edibles are



This looks like scarcity of food. Oceans of squash and pumpkin. Beyond them thousands of crates of apples, oranges, lettuce, turnips, and almost every other fruit and vegetable known. Yet millions are existing on inferior canned garbage; and not enough of that.





Acres of food here, but these proletarians have to salvage theirs from the waste cans. Hundreds of them crowd the Los Angeles terminal market every morning. With bags, pails and boxes they gather a supply of decaying fruits and vegetables.

rotting in the ground. Of little concern to the average inertia-bound citizen is the fact that money crazed real estate wolves are laying their foul hands on thousands of fertile acres of food-producing lands and subdividing it into lots that sell for from one thousand to two or three thousand dollars—one or two lots in a block are sold and houses built for the purpose of making it appear to be a thickly settled neighborhood.

#### Food IS Scarce

It is of no importance to Mr. Shears that the recent dispossess proceedings initiated against the hated Jap in this state will double the price of farm produce. (When I called a fellow lineman's attention to a great gardening area from which the Japs were being driven by the real estate subdividers, and predicted that vegetables would soon go up in price, he sneered contemptuously and said: "To hell with them; look what it will mean to linemen: they will have to build lines to supply these settlers with juice.")

Despite decreased acreage, rotting food and the activities of land sharks the possibilities of food production and plentifulness in this vast land are beyond the calculation of anyone. Supply and demand are dead terms. Five hundred and eight raisin farmers in this state went bankrupt in December. They received an average of two cents a pound for their raisins, and you pay eighteen cents and up for them. The bankers who foreclosed on them will go ahead with the production of raisins by employing wage slaves. The price will go up. According to government figures 108,000 farmers in the wheat and corn belt bankrupted last year, but the farmers who still hold on by the skin of their teeth are receiving no more for their grains. The point is that on the worker's table wholesome food is scarce.

#### What Shall We Do?

Are we to sit idly by and starve? We are starving. Tens of thousands of children are under-

nourished. We see the children of workers and the useless middle class go to the stores in our neighborhood and buy cheap candy or a roll and five cents worth of peanut butter for lunch.

Working adults are on a starvation diet. Statisticians tell us the workers are growing rich. They "own" their homes and are buying automobiles. It is true that many of them are availing themselves of the luring schemes held out to them by the money lords of buying homes and cars on the credit plan. None of them hope to be able to complete payments of the principal and huge interest that is added in less than ten or fifteen years if they can continue undisturbed in their present jobs and have no sickness or other ill fortune. Despite experience they expect that things will run along smoothly.

#### Organize For Food and Happiness!

Meantime they are denying themselves food, clothing and pleasure. What an awakening after a few years of privation to find themselves out of work and home.

How much more sensible it would be to conduct our food production, as well as everything else, along sane, scientific lines in order that all would have a sufficiency.

Workers, arouse yourselves! Know this: Though you may be able to pay for that old rattling car that you daily ride to work in by the time it is worn out, the pleasure derived therefrom, if you consider it such, is a tremendous price to pay for your health, which you are sacrificing by allowing the masters of food to feed you the leavings.

Organize yourselves, not for the primary purpose of increasing your wage that is immediately taken away from you, but in order to take full control of the production of all necessities. You desire happiness. Oh, how you dream and wish for the good things of life. There is greater happiness ahead than anything you have even imagined. It is yours for the effort.



Note the hangdog expression on the face of this poor little boy, when he became aware that I was getting his picture. These school boys must suffer the pain and humiliation of foraging food for the big family. This is in Los Angeles, Calif.



# Lenin—Toiler and Dreamer

By JOHN ASHBURN

A GREAT genius is dead. There is no doubt that Lenin was one of the greatest men produced in the last century. Not a politician, in the narrow sense of the word, but a scientific engineer of the world revolution, the Napoleon of the social upheaval, he stands out from his contemporaries as a man who dared to dream and also dared to put his dreams into practice. He was said to be a despot but this term is a trifle superlative, and yet he was an autocrat. Regarding this he once said he was practising a light dictatorship over the Communist party as a conductor of an orchestra would lead his musicians with his baton. He meant that he did not place too much importance in himself and that a conductor without his co-operators would be helpless.

He was remarkable in that he lived spiritually in a new world of his own, the so-called "second phase of "Socialism," or pure Communism, in which there were not two struggling classes. An honest fanatic, he never forgot the real, putrifying world with all its power and all its evils surrounding him but he had the great power of imagination which created the United Commonwealth of Earth in his mind. He saw with his keen blue eyes many decades and even centuries forward. The picture in his mind was Russia industrialized from the Baltic to the Pacific and electric trains rushing from the Arctic to the Black and Caspian seas. He saw the huts of the peasants warmed and lighted by electricity, the fertile Russian valleys and plains cultivated by up-to-date agricultural machinery; a super-power system furnishing electricity for all industry—in short a land of peace and plenty, opportunity and happiness.

## Not A Real Politician

To reach this "second phase of Socialism" there must be a "first phase of Socialism" or the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Therefore Lenin had to be a politician, but not in the depreciative sense of the word. In pure Communism he would have been a successful technical engineer because he had great knowledge and tenacity of purpose.

He was a very strange character, retiring from time to time into seclusion in order to collect and concentrate his thoughts into a nerve-bundle, sparks of which were to be broadcast to millions of brains. He seemed to radiate energy, and most strikingly so, after one of his periods of retirement.

One thing very interesting to workers and intellectuals alike occupied Lenin's mind greatly, namely, the extinction of the contrast between manual and brain workers. Many people believe today that the disappearance of these two groups is quite impossible and that the contrast will prevail throughout Socialism. They say rivalry between these two groups will continue to exist even when there is no more class struggle. Lenin stated that the contrast of these two groups will disappear

in the first stage of Socialism. Kropotkin, noble anarchist, another Russian, perhaps greater than even Lenin, proved scientifically, that in a real Socialist society man could be an artist, engineer, manual worker, writer and thinker. Lenin was a good example of the fact that a man can be a manual worker and brain worker or vice versa. I shall narrate in the following lines some facts about him, which unfortunately have never been mentioned in the daily papers.

## Not Too Proud To Work

When Lenin was living, during the great war, in a garret in Zurich, he used to dine in a kitchen supported by poor Russian students where he got very cheap meals. Every boarder had to wash the dishes and clean the floor by turns, as the students could not afford a porter or dishwasher. When it was Lenin's turn to clean the floor all the Russian students, knowing him already as a great revolutionist—outside of Russia he was as yet, unknown—offered their services in order to take unpleasant work from him. He was a very busy man, nearly all of his time was taken up in writing books and articles, his sleeping hours were shortened to a minimum; many a night the lamp in his garret was not turned out till four o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, Lenin angrily refused their offer and took his turn with the rest of them. Indeed, it was a fine example to intellectuals to see him on his knees with cloth and brush rubbing the dirt from the floor just the same as the humblest of his comrades. He showed them he was not ashamed of manual work. To the peasants he demonstrated that it is possible for them to study, to learn, to write and think if they had the determination and tenacity of purpose.

When I travelled with the memorable transport composed of three steamers belonging to the Italian Confederation of Sailors, organization of Giulietti, which carried Russian war prisoners and civil war prisoners from Naples to Odessa, the sister of Rakowsky, now ambassador of Soviet Russia to England was on the ship "Pietro Calvi." I had a quarrelsome discussion with her because she refused to wash dishes on board when her turn came. The vessel had no stewards, hence we had to do the dishwashing and cleaning ourselves. She bristled up and insisted that her son should do her share for her. We would not allow this as we did not believe in a mother exploiting her son. After all our talking had failed to move her I told her the story of Lenin cleaning the floor. Then she went to work.

Lenin also worked on Saturday afternoon, the so-called "Sobotnik," as a manual laborer. He was one of the bricklayers when the Kremlin wall was repaired.

While his party-followers and great masses of soldiers and sailors fought against the troops of Kerensky who were defending themselves in the



Winter Palace, Lenin sat calmly in a chair reading a book. The fact that the palace might suffer did not seem to interest him. Lunacharsky, later people-commissar of art and education, and Martoff, who belonged to the left wing of the Menshevik party rushed into his room. The former, although he was a member of his party, accused Lenin of not sparing edifices of historical value. He shouted at him, "You itch of the revolution!" Martoff wrung his hands and cried out to Lenin: "What did you do? That's your work. I would not bear your responsibility." Lenin only derided him.

#### Expected World Revolution

Martoff, exponent of the Menshevik Party theory, thought that according to true Marxian theory, the Russian revolution would stop at the Democratic Republic, à la Germany, because Russia is only an agricultural country and not an industrial one. He failed to see the preface of one of the later editions of the Communist Manifesto, in which Engels stated that if a revolution in Russia would take place and be the start of a world revolution, Russia might then leap from feudal to communist society without passing through capitalism. The other industrial countries would organize and assist

in building up industry in Russia along the lines of the new society. Lenin was working on this hypothesis. The world revolution failed to materialize, consequently Lenin had to make a "retreat" in order to save for the workers a government, at least, more favorable to Labor than any other in the world. Lenin was not wrong in his vision of a new Russia—the rest of the world did not live up to his expectations, that was not Lenin's fault.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Russian revolution could not, in the very nature of things, go farther than the French revolution, the fault has not been Russian. At least in Russia there is no pretense of sanctifying capital as the French revolution did. Lack of support from the other countries of Europe alone prevented Russia from realizing the dreams of him who has just passed away. And yet, Lenin and the Russian people have tried, and even if they have failed in some of their ambitions, the historian of tomorrow will proclaim Soviet Russia as a true promoter of Socialist society. All honor to him who first saw the dream and who gave his best even when he saw that it was impossible of realization as things are at present. Hail Lenin!—Truly one of our best is gone.



## The March of Progress

**I**N the year 1600 Guido Bruno was burned at the stake in Italy for believing and teaching that the earth was moving around the sun, the traditional belief in those days being that the sun was moving around the earth.

In the year 1924, several hundred men are kept in prisons and jails in the United States and California, their main offense being to believe and preach that the workers are providing the necessities and luxuries of their employers and not vice versa as respectable people are supposed to believe and preach today.

Men like Bruno made possible man's mastery over the brute forces of nature. At the same time they dispossessed the former ruling classes—the nobility and the Catholic clergy—in favor of a class of merchants and lowly masters of handicrafts that developed into the bourgeoisie of today. The rulers of those days felt instinctively that such would be the case, and for that reason they burned Bruno. But his ideas could not be killed, and today they are alive and working in that fund of accumulated knowledge we call science: the brains of the machine age.

Today workers, technicians and "unskilled" laborers, grouped around machines subdue nature, and make her do the bidding of man's will. These workers connect ocean with ocean, and change the course of rivers, harness the power of Niagara, etc.

But while man now rules the brute forces of nature, he is a slave of the man-made forces through which he conquered nature. The modern

industrial organization, with all its by-products, has proven a Frankenstein that is threatening to destroy its creator: mankind.

The men kept in prison today in the United States and California know and tell the reason why, therefore they are kept in jail.

Their message is: evolution has passed the control of the means of production into the hands of a few irresponsible non-producers. By virtue of this control they are enabled to take the products of our industrial system and only let the producers have enough to enable them to carry on production. And, what is worse, these products and that part of the system any group of capitalists own and control is used by them for two purposes: first to keep the producers in subjection; second, to fight for supremacy with other groups of capitalists. This way of doing business is like giving a box of dynamite and caps to a malicious little boy, and results have been similar, war, despotism, bloodshed and starvation.

This can only be changed, these imprisoned men, IWW's say, released, when the producers take over the means of production, and when the control of our industrial system thereby goes from a little group of ignorant parasites over to the control of the collective intelligence of all producers.

Are we going to let the rulers of today force us into the role of 16th century serfs, or are we going to carry on the traditions that this republic was founded on.

K. S. (X-23491)

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER





# The Tragedy of the Redwoods



By California Publicity Man

## Saddest Feature Is the Apathy of the Workers

**S**TALWART giants, towering three hundred feet in air, with a girth measurement of fifty feet, standing so close together as to exclude the sun's rays, resplendent in their evergreen dress trimmed with brown and gray and gold moss, surrounded with underbrush so thick that it is almost impossible to force one's way through it. Perpetual twilight, and silence. This is a redwood forest.

No one unfamiliar with a redwood forest can form any idea of the beauty and grandeur of these magnificent trees, relics of an earlier age. What is their history? When did they first appear? No one will ever know for a surety. All theories are mere guesswork. Perhaps four thousand years have elapsed since these monarchs of the forest were tiny, baby shoots and young saplings. Centuries before Columbus set foot on the Western Continent they stood in thick profusion impregnable to the buffeting of wind and rain and summer heat. Oldest of all present day flora, they have seen the passing of the Indian and have seen, too, the coming of a more ruthless savage—the Lumber Octopus.

The story of the conquest of the redwoods is a sordid tale; nay, more, it is a tragedy. For tens of centuries they have stood in serried ranks watching the seasons come and go, only to fall, at last, a prey to the insatiable greed of the timber pirates.

Four counties in Northern California, Del Norte, Mendocino, Humboldt and Sonoma, comprise almost the whole of the redwood belt. In this area there is approximately, 60,000,000,000 feet of redwood timber. Of this total the lumber companies—less than thirty rival companies—own ninety-three per cent. The redwoods are being slaughtered at the rate of 600,000,000 feet every year. Almost no effort is made to reforest the redwoods, although they are the easiest of all trees to reforest. In their youth the redwoods grow very quickly, and are marketable in fifty years. The trees are simply being slaughtered and the land laid waste. Wherever the Lumber Octopus stretches its tentacles, there it leaves a trail of desolation.

To what extent the concentration of ownership of the redwoods has gone is hard to determine, owing to the interlocking directorates of the lumber companies, but certainly less than thirty companies dominate the redwoods.

How that control was obtained is found in the report of the Federal Land Office. It is to be regretted that no report later than 1914 can be obtained on this interesting subject, but the writer was given to understand by an official in Eureka, (Humboldt County), that the lumber companies do not want the extent of their holdings known to the

public, hence the suppression of these facts. The report follows:

"That 75 holders (since reduced to less than thirty) own nearly a million and a quarter acres of land indicates an unusually high degree of concentration, when it is considered that it has been attained without the presence in this region of any Federal land grant, such as tended to strengthen the concentration in Northeastern California, Western Oregon and Southwestern Washington. This seems to have been done chiefly under the Federal land laws despite their initial restriction of 160 acres to the person. A passage from the report of the Public Lands Commission of February 21, 1880, indicates how the spirit of the law was violated:

### "Proofs" Were Fiction

"The commission visited the redwood-producing portion of the state of California and saw little huts or kennels built of 'shakes' that were totally unfit for human habitation and always had been, which were the sole improvements made under the homestead and preemption laws, and by means of which large areas of redwood forests, of great value, had been taken under pretense of settlement and cultivation, which were the purest fiction, never having any real existence in fact, but of which 'due proof' had been made under the laws.



"In some sections of timber-bearing country, where there should be, according to the 'proofs' made, large settlements of industrious agriculturists engaged in tilling the soil, a primeval stillness reigns supreme, the solitude heightened and intensified by the grandeur of the high mountain peaks, the mythical agriculturists having departed after making 'final proof' by perjury, which is an unfavorable commentary upon the operation of purely beneficial laws."

A much more definite statement covering extensive frauds by which a large timber firm attempted to acquire 100,000 acres of choice redwood lands in the Humboldt district, is found in the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1886:

"This case shows that the ramifications of the fraud extended into the General Land Office at Washington, and also shows some of the difficulties encountered by special agents when their discoveries implicate wealthy and influential persons. In 1883, a special agent of this office reported that this company had procured a large number of fraudulent entries, amounting, according to his estimates, to not less than 100,000 acres. The agent's report disclosed the scheme of fraud in all its details, and was supported by specific evidence in many cases. He also informed this office that he had been offered a bribe of \$5,000 to suppress the facts and abandon the investigation, which he declined. This agent was subsequently suspended from duty, and afterwards dismissed from the service at the instance, as understood in this office, of great influence brought against him on the Pacific Coast and in Washington.

#### **Investigator Got the Facts**

"A new agent was appointed, who reached his field of operation about the first of January last and entered upon the discharge of his duties. The agents of the company soon discovered his presence and business and attempted to defeat the investigation. Some of the witnesses were spirited out of the country; others were threatened and intimidated; spies were employed to follow the agent and report the names of all the persons who conversed with or called upon him; and on one occasion two persons who were about to enter the agent's room in his hotel for the purpose of conferring with him in reference to the entries, were knocked down and dragged away. Notwithstanding this the agent proceeded with his investigation and succeeded in obtaining a large amount of evidence. He found 90 of the entrymen and procured their affidavits as to the frauds and the manner in which they were induced to make the applications and affidavits. This testimony embraced 47 of the patented cases. Several of the employes of the company gave sworn statements of facts within their knowledge. Affidavits were also made by citizens of Eureka and other reliable persons, among whom were sixteen business men, who were asked to make entry in the interest of the company and offered \$50 each, but who declined to do so. It appears that the persons composing this company went to work systematically

and on an extensive scale, and to enable them to carry through their scheme they took into their association several wealthy men who furnished the necessary means. Expert surveyors and men well informed in regard to the character and value of timber were employed to locate and survey the lands. Others were then hired to go upon the streets of Eureka and elsewhere and find persons who could be induced to sign applications for land and transfer their interests to the company, a consideration of \$50 being paid for each tract of 160 acres so secured. The company's agent received \$5 for each applicant obtained. No effort seems to have been made to keep the matter secret, and all classes of people were approached by agents and principals of the company and asked to sign applications.

#### **Big Interests Played No Favorites**

Sailors were caught while in port and hurried into a saloon or to a certain notary public's office and induced to sign applications and convey the lands to a member of the firm. Farmers were stopped on their way to their homes, and merchants were called from their counters and persuaded to allow their names to be used to obtain title to the lands. The company's agent presented the applications to the registrar and receiver in blocks of as many as 25 at one time; paid the fees; had the proper notices published; hired men to make the proofs; paid for the lands and received the duplicate receipts; yet the registrar and receiver and some of the special agents appear to have been the only ones in the vicinity who were ignorant of the frauds."

It will be noticed that this report, seemingly a frank and candid statement of the frauds in the redwoods, carefully refrains from mentioning the name of the company, despite the fact that proof was not wanting. Another noteworthy fact about all the investigating that was done: **Not a single person was ever arrested for fraud.** Not a single man ever went to San Quentin or Folsom for conspiring to defraud the government. (And to digress a moment, the same number will go to Leavenworth over the Teapot Dome scandal.)

This is the story of how the Octopus gained control of the redwoods. Today the Lumber Trust represented by the Pacific Lumber Company, the A. B. Hammond Lumber Company and the rest of the parasites own ninety-three per cent of the redwoods. They are considered respectable men—by some people—others believe them to be pirates, robbers and hypocrites, posing as honest men.

#### **Different Story Now**

How different is the story of the men who went into the redwoods to organize the loggers and mill men. The Octopus had gotten control, it was in the saddle and did not intend that the wobblies should organize their workers and compel them to disgorge any of their ill-gotten gains. Eureka was the seat of the conspiracy when the Octopus consummated the gigantic fraud, and Eureka was the scene of the battle between the organized workers and the octopus. The Criminal Syndicalism law has been used against the men who desired to see better



conditions in the camps of Humboldt County. The Octopus has used every means to railroad members of the IWW to prison. They employ spies and stoolpigeons against the IWW just as they did against the government agent. They hire special prosecutors, who are willing to prostitute themselves for thirty pieces of silver. Senator Nelson was employed in the last Criminal Syndicalism trial to help the regular prosecutor. The state law forbids a man to draw two salaries at the same time while working for the state—we will leave it to the imagination of the reader to guess where Senator Nelson got his fee for helping prosecute the men on trial.

Eureka has sent eight men to prison in the interest of "Jake" Hammond and his associates in crime. Omar J. Eaton, John Golden, Harry Williams, Frank Cox, Lauri Mammi, R. Kuilman, C. F. McGrath are in San Quentin; Arthur C. Ward was sent to the preston reform school, but is now at liberty having completed his sentence.

And still the fight goes on in the redwood district. The Octopus is the same thieving, plundering, vindictive organization as it was when it stole the timber four decades ago. The battle continues between the Octopus and the Industrial Workers of the World. At the present writing there are nine men, Henry Powell, William Bryan, Alex Nicholson, John McRae, John Beavert, L. V. French, R. V. Taylor, J. C. Allen, and William Longstreth, in the county jail at Eureka awaiting a second trial on a C. S. charge. The first trial resulted in a hung jury.

The work of organization goes on apace in the redwoods and this summer will see the return of

the eight-hour day in the redwoods. This is what the parasites are afraid of, and this is what will happen. The eight-hour day will return to the loggers of Humboldt county.

### The Real Tragedy

The tragedy of the redwoods is not that they are being slaughtered at the rate of 600,000,000 feet annually; it is not that they have been stolen from the people; it is not even that eight men have been sent to prison for no crime at all from that district. The tragedy of the redwoods lies in the fact that the workers, of that locality, having the potential power to dump the parasites off their backs, having the power to take the eight-hour day any time they see fit, still remain passive and refuse to act in their own interest. The tragedy is in the indifference and apathy of the workers to the persecution of men who are sincerely striving to bring about a sane system of society. **THIS IS THE TRAGEDY OF THE REDWOODS.**

And yet there is a social consciousness awakening among the workers in that benighted section of King Lumber's domain and the wobblies are responsible for that awakening. The workers are beginning to realize the power of industrial solidarity. Some day the agitation will bear fruit. Let us hope it will be soon.

**"Scatter as from an unextinguished hearth**

**Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!**

**Be through my lips to unawakened earth**

**The trumpet of a Prophecy! O, Wind,**

**If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"**



## Favors Intelligentsia

I have a burden on my chest, a message, as Stitt Wilson used to say. I want you and Upton Sinclair and others who have the gift of tongues and a type-writer to deliver it for me.

It is this: Carry the message to the great army of what we wobblies call the White Collar Stiffs and the Homeguards, the Profit Sharers, the petty stockholders in the Southern California Edison Company and other big corporations who have been induced to put a part of their part of the \$10,000,000,000 of annual wages that the census tells of, into stocks of the companies they work for; also, the Installment Home Buyer.

All of them are susceptible to propaganda that will make them think that our success means their ruin and consequently makes them ready recruits for strikebreaking.

They are too close to the boss and get too much of his psychology.

Show them that they could as well work for the good of the whole as for the few and that they will only be required to do the work that they are

trained to do. That they need not fear being put to the pick and shovel. They are not going to get off that easy. The great awakening giant, **Labor**, is not going to scrap all the intelligence, technique (see, I had to go to the dictionary), and business experience which has been the result of generations of training and environment.

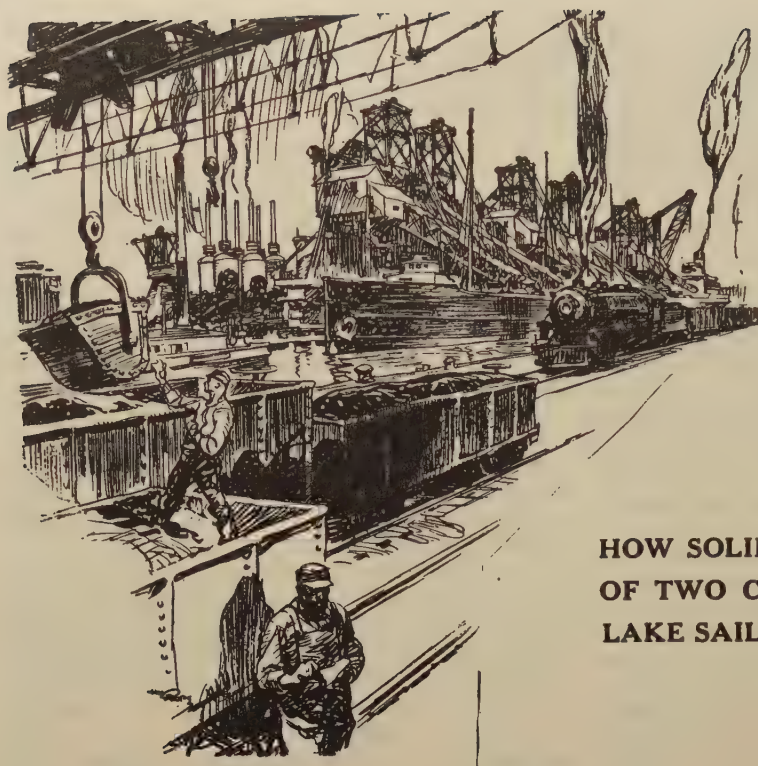
I tried to bring this out last summer when the controversy was going on in Industrial Solidarity on "What is the Matter with the IWW?" under caption, "The Old Man in the Desert Says," but don't know as you get me yet. You probably don't get time to read Solidarity.

But there is a fellow worker writing a series of articles on "Trailing the Job and Finding the IWW." He makes it very plain that the sentiment of the hoboes he met was favorable; and Christ (they say) said, "The poor ye have always with you," and didn't McKees' Rocks and Lawrence prove it and I can prove it here. Go get the intelligentsia!

—J. O. S.

Kern County, California.





# Sunk by Scabs



## HOW SOLIDARITY SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO CLASS CONSCIOUS LAKE SAILORS

By JAMES LANCE

**O**N a bright morning in the spring Jim White sat disconsolately gazing at nothing in particular from a pile of ties alongside the Nickel Plate tracks in Lorain. He had a large grouch against the world. Things were breaking rotten. Here he was, ditched again, three times in twenty-four hours. The bulls were certainly hell that spring.

As he sat cursing his luck he noticed a brawny individual approaching and got ready to depart from his present seat. The newcomer looked like another bull and the tie-pile was railroad property. However, he turned out to be a mate looking for a deckhand to replace one who had failed to return to the boat after a night ashore.

Noticing the muscular development of Jim's arms and shoulders, he abruptly inquired, "Do you want to ship?"

Jim had heard somewhat of life on the lakes, not all of it favorable, but being hungry and tired of the road for the time he answered, "I don't mind; what ship?"

"Mauritus," answered the mate. "I need a deckhand; one of them didn't show up this morning. Come on, we're lying at the coal dock, only stopped to get a man."

A few minutes walk brought them to the coal dock and Jim saw that the Mauritus was one of the big new wagons, one of Harry Coulby's prides. Six hundred feet long, sixty-five feet wide and able to load fifteen thousand tons of ore without drawing more than twenty feet. She was a whale, sure enough.

About 'midship a ladder was hanging over the

side and the mate and Jim climbed aboard. An air of expectation seemed to hang over everyone on deck; they were all waiting to get a last sight of the town before leaving for the upper lakes and were congregated in groups both fore and aft to see the lines let go and the trip started.

The mate turned to Jim as soon as he hit the deck and ordered, "Go forward and stand by the headline." Now Jim, while perfectly well able to get around without assistance ashore, was totally lost aboard ship and in the comprehension of nautical terms.

He looked blankly at the mate and inquired, "Where is the headline, and where is the breakfast you spoke about on the way down?"

"Breakfast, hell! You'll get breakfast after we let go." "Here you," shouted the mate to another man, "show this bird the windlass room."

About the time he arrived in the windlass room Jim heard one short blast from the whistle and the mate shouted down from the fo'c'sle-deck just above him, "Let that line go! Let it go! Damn it, let it go!" Jim wondered what all the excitement was about, and noticing a large line on the windlass decided this was the one meant.

He threw the turns off one after another, and as the weight of the slack in the line made itself felt, he did just what the mate had ordered—let it go. A few seconds later he saw the end vanish through the chock and straightened up with a feeling of having carried out his first task handsomely, when another eruption, more violent than the first, occurred on the foc'sle-deck.

"By the holy, pink-toed prophet!" roared the



mate. "There goes a new manila line! Don't you know anything?"

"Why, you said to let it go, didn't you?" retorted Jim.

"R-r-r-r. Oh, hell; I ought've known better. Get out of there. Get out on deck. You're just like the rest of the summer sailors; useless."

After such a bum start it was only natural that Jim would fall heir to a disagreeable job, if the mate had any that needed doing just then. He had, so as soon as the Mauritius had cleared the mouth of the river and straightened out for Southeast Shoal the bos'n handed him a bucket of black-oil, a brush and lantern, escorted him down the after companionway, took the plate off the afterpeak and introduced him to the one job, above all others, that sailors hate.

During the hours that intervened between his introduction to black-oiling and dinner time, Jim seriously doubted the wisdom of adopting sailorizing as a life work. By the time the porter appeared with the first bell, he was covered with splotches of the greasy, sticky fluid. His clothes were utterly ruined. He looked more like a tramp at noon than he had at daybreak.

After dinner he stalled around the deckhands' room for a few minutes and there became the center of attraction to the rest of the "deckaroos." They were all "river rats," natives of Marine City and Algonac, scissorbills of the worst type, their heads filled with ambitions of becoming captains or mates, and a "hobo" sailor, as they termed Jim, was an object of derision to them.

Jim, while he was, as he himself admitted, "an awful hoosier" at steamboating, was of an entirely different turn of mind. He had knocked around the country for four or five years and had no illusions about getting an officers' job of any kind. He was the true proletarian type, homeless, unskilled, usually broke, often hungry, generally to be found at the dirtiest, hardest kind of work—when he was lucky enough to find it.

He had been chased out of towns by hostile marshals, out of railroad yards by hard-boiled bulls, forced to walk many weary miles through hungry, inhospitable country by "dollar-mad" shacks and otherwise hounded from pillar to post wherever he went. Grading outfits, harvest fields, copper mines and lumber camps had each played their part in his education and he had a pretty definite idea about his chances of advancement. His philosophy could be summed up in one of his frequent aphorisms: "The best I ever get is the worst of it."

A very few minutes with the "wick" deckhands disgusted him and he wandered over to the other side of the cabin and fell into conversation with the firemen who were sitting around, enjoying an after-dinner smoke. These men were more like the ones he was used to associating with. They were all old-timers, (the Mauritius was an "easy steamer") hard-bitten, shrewd and wise with a wealth of experience gained through many years' experience in ships' fireholds on both fresh and salt water.

One in particular caught Jim's fancy. He was only a youngster as years go, yet he stood out as one superior, both mentally and physically, among his mates. He was a fine mixer, and in a few minutes had Jim wholly at ease. He asked what ship Jim had been on last, and when informed that it was his first offense, proceeded to wise him up to many little things which are always unfathomable mysteries to a landsman on his first trip afloat.

So interested was Jim that he did not notice the flight of time, and was harshly reminded by the bos'n that it "was one o'clock and time to turn to." There followed an afternoon that stuck in Jim's memory for many a day. Crawling over the slippery frames of the afterpeak he cursed the mate, bos'n, the Steel Trust, Harry Coulby, "the guy who built the first boat," and himself.

That evening as the Mauritius plowed her way up the Detroit river, Jim and his fireman friend sat on the after-hatch and swapped experiences. The fireman, it seemed, did not put in all of his time afloat. He, too, had "made the harvest," worked in the "long-log" country out on the Pacific coast, waded through the mud of the southwest on pipelines and carried his dinner bucket "up the hill" in many a mining camp. Nevertheless, he knew the lakes, from Ogdensburg to Duluth, as well as the size of his cap.

He had been on nearly half the boats in commission and was known to nearly half of the engineers on the lakes as a first class fireman, but one who would stand for no foolishness. As he said himself, "he didn't have to." "Soogy-moogy" Mike" once ordered him to pull the ashpans on the Morgan, Jr., while the coalpaser was kept busy shining brass in the engineroom. What happened is lake history.

The ashpans were pulled, alright, but Mike pulled them himself, and for the rest of the trip the coalpaser stayed in the firehold when he was on watch instead of making a slave out of himself for the oiler, who, by the way, was the youngest son of the chief engineer of the fleet.

Conversation with a man of this type was interesting pastime to Jim, and by the time the Mauritius had left the lights of Belle Isle astern and straightened out for the short run across Lake St. Clair he and the fireman were fast friends. Their lives had laid in almost the same channels, they both had undergone much harsh treatment, both had reacted mentally in the same manner, and though the fireman was the better educated of the two, both had much the same philosophy. Consequently a common understanding was not hard to reach.

The fireman was a great advocate of organization. He had carried many different union cards and had for years been in the front line of labor's struggle against the bosses. However, he had discarded the worn-out ideas of craft unionism with its job trust and closed book philosophy and was



now a member of the "wobblies." Since transferring into Industrial Union No. 510 he had taken out credentials and had done some good work in furthering the interests of industrial unionism on the lakes.

Being a good proselytizer, most wobbly delegates are, he saw that Jim was good timber and spent two or three hours expounding the principles of industrial unionism to him. Before turning-in time came Jim was very much interested and received gratefully the literature his new friend pressed upon him. He became particularly interested in a pamphlet entitled "The Advancing Proletariat," and read until the tramp of feet on the deck reminded him that it was midnight and the watch was being relieved. Then he fell asleep to dream of hard-boiled bulls and black-oil, advancing proletarians and slave-driving bos'ns.

When he got out on deck next morning the *Mauritus* was well on her way up Lake Huron and he had a chance to observe "the bridge of ships" that spans the lake every summer. The pall of smoke that extends from Port Huron to Detour is symbolic of the power of the Steel Trust on the lakes. It reaches from end to end and thousands of slaves sacrifice the best of their lives on the altar of greed to fabricate this incense of soft coal smoke. Nauseating in itself, it, nevertheless, is the basis of those finer and subtler perfumes usually associated with large-sized bank notes and Russian-leather pocketbooks, with milady's boudoir and silken lingerie—perfumes to which those who have an over-sufficiency of soft coal gas never treat their nostrils.

After an eventful day's run the *Mauritus* reached the St. Mary's river and a few hours later was tied up at the Soo. The short tie-up added to Jim's steamboat experience and he managed to get by without losing any more lines or otherwise incurring the mate's displeasure. He was much impressed by the hugeness of the locks and the ease with which immense steamers could be raised or lowered. His fireman friend told him that the Steel Trust had been largely instrumental in the improvement of the locks and deepening of channels in the river. Formerly the river was a narrow, tortuous stream which shoaled sharply in the most unexpected places and for years there was only one small lock at the Soo.

This resulted in loss of money to the trust, as only small steamers could be used, and not so many of them; tie-ups of twenty-four hours at the Soo were frequent. Big boats, lots of them, were better money-makers, therefore Congress was easily persuaded to spend millions of dollars building locks and deepening and straightening the river for the Steel Trust.

Next morning Whitefish Point appeared off the port side and Jim was informed that the vicinity was known as "sailor's graveyard." Many a deckhand and fireman have made the supreme sacrifice for profit there, during the terrific storms which sweep over Lake Superior in the fall months.

Jim had spent all of his spare time reading and talking with the fireman and had decided that the philosophy of the IWW was sound and practical. Some of the points made in the literature were a trifle obscure to him, but the fireman straightened them all out to his satisfaction and Jim promised to take out a red card as soon as he drew his first pay.

Having made this decision, it was only natural that his actions the following evening should be a surprise to the mate. It happened this way: The ore-shovers in Two Harbors had gone on strike a day or two previous, and when the "*Mauritus*" eased herself alongside one of the towering steel and concrete docks, a Steel Trust dock policeman immediately climbed aboard and informed the captain of the strike and suggested that he get the crew to load the boat as the men were standing fast and scabs were hard to obtain.

Delaying one of the "tin-stackers" being one of the major crimes on the lakes, the captain lost no time in acting on the suggestion. Calling the mate he explained matters to him and issued orders for the crew to lose no time in getting started.

The mate proceeded aft to the deckhands' room and, calling all hands together, said: "All hands will get on the dock right away and shove ore. The wheelmen will tend the spouts and doors and the deckhands will unload the cars. The captain will pay overtime, so you fellows will have a chance to make some extra money. Lively, now; we want to get out of here before morning."

The "river rats," regarding the strike as a piece of luck that would enable them to get more money, obeyed to a man. But Jim, remembering the passage in the wobbly preamble which had struck him more forcibly than any other one point, made no move to obey the scabbing order. Thought he: "'An injury to one is an injury to all'—fine—I'm damned if I'll hurt the dock workers' strike if this workhouse never gets loaded."

About a minute later the mate, returning from a trip to the engine room, noticed him still draped over the bulwark. "What's the matter with you? Didn't you hear me say 'get on the dock'?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, I heard you all right," answered Jim. "Why doesn't the company pay the men what they want, then you won't have to get sailors to scab on them?"

"Say, for a summer sailor making his first trip you seem to draw a lot of water," barked the mate. "Do you know that refusal to obey orders is mutiny—punishable by a prison term?"

Oh, yes, I read that in a book once; however, I'm not scabbing. I never did, and I'm too damn old to start now."

"A hard-boiled guy, eh; well now, me lad, you're going. If you want to go all in one piece you better start."

"Try and make me," laughed Jim.

(Continued on page 38)



# Large Scale Mining Makes Robots

Impurities Clause used to Enforce Subjection and Mechanizing Advocated for Same Ends

(By Card No. 755,778)

**I**N the large scale production connected with coal mining today, efficiency is the predominating factor on the part of the technician. One ton and a half cars used to be considered large capacity cars by the older set of coal miners under the piece-work method of gaining a livelihood in wage slavery. Now, when you are allowed to work, the car runs up to five tons.

The conditions relative to penalties for loading impurities are as rigorously enforced as in the days of old, when the thirty hundred weight prevailed.

The coal miners who are now loading coal are being drilled into a state of mind that will cause them to readily adapt themselves to the changed automatic functions in production that constitute the onward sweep of the mechanical process.

Their minds are absorbing the objective lessons of efficient production, but they are not learning why this efficiency is being put into effect, namely, to make possible more profit for the owners of the corporations they are allowed to work for.

Through the miners' inability to think in their own interests their minds are becoming subjective by the ruthless methods that the mining corporations put into effect through their ownership of the miners' means of life,—their jobs.

Should the miners see some way out of the industrial despotism to which they are subjected, the corporations will find a way to ruin their usefulness by discharging them for some breach of contract. It is then up to them to prove themselves not guilty.

In law, men are innocent until proven guilty by a jury of their peers. But as employees in a coal corporation's court, the miners have to prove that they are not radicals, surrender their manhood and freedom to think in their own interests, prove themselves lowly and reverential toward the rule of the dollar, and corporation's God, Profit. When they do this, they, and their wives, and their families will then have a chance to eat once more "graciously bestowed" on them! Only under such circumstances may they feast again in the land of parasites and paupers.

## The Impurities Clause

The miners never did have the right to work! They did have the privilege to work, provided they

fitted in as good profitable cogs in production. This means human automations, worn out cogs twenty to thirty years ahead of the age limit that would prevail in a well-ordered industrial democracy.

The miners have what is known as the "loading of impurities" clause in their contract. In Illinois, 7th sub-district, the well-fed labor lieutenants, tell the coal loaders that that clause means just as it reads. Here it is:—

"In case slate, bone, clay, sulphur and other impurities are sent up with the coal by a miner, he shall be fined; or an aggravated charge being placed against a miner the operator may either indefinitely suspend or discharge."

## Violation Means Discharge

According to this, the labor lieutenants say, miners can be discharged for fifty pounds of impurities in a five-ton loaded car.

Taking into consideration, the amount of impurities in the Illinois vein of coal, the miners are slated for discharge if they become active in their own interests as organized mine workers. Especially, if they are employees of large scale production corporations.

A large percentage of mine workers take their fines, suspensions, or discharges, under the impurities clause, as a matter of course; and then, to some extent, appeal to the labor lieutenants to try and get their privilege to work restored. That, in effect, is subjection, if they return to work; and, in addition, the lieutenant of labor having used his ability to get the workers their jobs for them again, proceeds to make political capital out of it. Thus, in the pre-arranged deal be-



Bell and Zoller Mine No. 2. Zeigler, Ill. Showing tipple, hoisting engine house, machinery building, housing electric generators and boilers for steam purposes; also used as warehouse for mining supplies.





Bell and Zoller Mine No. 1. Zeigler, Ill.: 135,000 tons produced in August, 1921.

tween the operator and the labor leader, known as the contrast, the latter holds down a local soft snap and is voted into office by workers too ignorant to see through the game, and sometimes of that innocent make-up which thinks everybody else is a like type, and, accordingly, takes these labor parasites to be good Samaritans. The labor lieutenants of capital are the largest single obstacle to progress today, excepting the working class inability to see how it is fleeced.

But, having told how large scale production in coal mining is aided by the impurities clause to make morons of the miners, let us present a few more facts bearing directly on the same.

#### Efficient Production Doom of UMWA

There are in Zeigler, Ill., two mines capable of putting out four and one-half million tons of coal per year. The demand for coal is approximately four hundred and fifty million tons per year.

The membership of Zeigler Local Unions Nos. 992 and 4069 runs around 2,000 United Mine Workers. If you apply these figures to large scale production of coal, you will have 200,000 mine workers working twenty-five days per month producing 450 million tons of coal per year.

Thus with efficient methods of production put in operation, instead of what we have today, 700,000 mine workers, it would only be necessary to employ 200,000 mine workers, thus leaving 500,000 stomachs pitted against 200,000.

How long, then, can the miners hang together and keep the coal corporations from making Robots of the United Mine Workers' membership. That is their aim. Listen to this:—

"The first step in checking the spread of unionism in the coal mines," according to Supt. T. A. Stroup, Utah Fuel Co., "will be to abolish the contract system, then mechanize the mines thoroughly, to standardize every operation down to the minutest detail so that no responsibility of any kind will fall on the worker." When this is accomplished, he points out, the United Mine Workers of America will decline like the Metal Miners' Union which now is but a shadow of its former self. "In the metal mines," he says, "the tradition of the individual miner, capable and responsible, has been abolished,

the mines have been thoroughly mechanized, all operations have been standardized. The trade of the metal miner has ceased to exist; they are now all mine workers fitting into niches and conforming to the routine laid out by their managers."

#### Freedom Through Correct Organization

Miners had no choice when they came to this earth and since they are here the world owes them the right to live. It much depends on the way miners think, if they are to get that right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness the Fourth of July orator glibly boasts about, but which the coal corporations fail to give, especially when a strike is on. How about Judge Anderson's injunction and the members of the Janitors' Union of Chicago, sentenced to from two to five years?

But this is not all. More will come.

Miners, stop to think. Is there any freedom without economic freedom—which means the right to work for your own individual and social needs?

Do you have a wishbone instead of a backbone?

Do you wish the politicians to give you the right to work, or have you the backbone to organize into industrial unionism; with each industrial unit functioning co-operatively through a general executive board with all other industrial units. This under a general constitution directing its official staff.

If you consider the above desirable you belong in the IWW.

Miners individually need the IWWs more than the IWWs need them to get the right to work and have some say in the future destiny of the mining industry.

Think it over, Brother Miners. You can rise above your environment and out of the industrial cog stage, by studying IWW literature 10 minutes per day. Read "The IWW in Theory and Practice," "Economic Interpretation of the Job," and "The Historical Catechism of American Unionism." You owe this study to your fellow man; if married, to your wife and children; and to society as a whole!

#### Join the IWW

Brother Miners, think over your status as workers in the coal mining industry and the need for a social change. It will be only a matter of a few years when the electric generator will be placed at the coal shaft and white coal sent over high tension wires. In this there will be 17 per cent of coal eliminated.

Oil is, further, displacing anthracite in New York City to the tune of \$15,000,000 annually.

Both coal and oil are fast taking a back seat in competition with hydro-electric power, wherever it is installed.

If you value the freedom you now have use it before you are subjugated 100 per cent. Build the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Be a man. Join the IWW!

You ought to take a lesson from the proceedings of the last convention of the United Mine Workers.



# The Abolitionists and the IWW

By A COLUMBIA RIVER REBEL

IN 1831, Lloyd Garrison, a young man of slender means and little education, began to publish a paper called "The Liberator". In it he urged that all the slaves in the U. S. should be immediately set free. He went so far as to declare that it would be better to have no Union at all than to have a Union with slavery in one section of it. He boldly asserted that slavery was a "sin against God and a crime against man," and that the constitution, by giving it support, was a bargain with death and an agreement with hell.

William Lloyd Garrison and his followers would not be silenced. They were extreme in their views and unwise in their methods, but they were right in their leading idea that slavery was wrong. That is the way the children read of the early day radicals in the books of our public schools, viz. "A History of the United States" by Gordy.

Among some of the leading abolitionists were William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Elijah Lovejoy and Wendell Phillips. There were probably thousands of others who died for the cause who are forgotten. They were America's first IWW because they did not believe in chattel slavery. But now that the system has changed to wage slavery, a battle of the same kind is on to abolish wage slavery also. Despised by the ignorant mob and feared by the slave owners, the abolitionists were hated, tortured, hung and their printing presses destroyed, and they were called traitors to their country. How similar the history of the IWW is today.

## Opportunity Gone

In the early days of America, a freeman was not the wage slave that he is today. As the land was settled the people kept working westward in search of more land and more freedom. This was primarily a farming country then, and the land and industries were not grabbed by a few as now. Hunting and fishing were at their height and there was plenty of land; so money was not the God it is today.

Now we have come west as far as we can go and find the west is the same as the east. The land is monopolized by a few and the only way to make a living is to work in the different industries for employers and corporations.

There are two roads left to choose: to organize and abolish wage slavery or to be trampled into submission as the Chinese workers and the German Socialists,—so low that all hope seems to have vanished.

For these reasons, the Industrial Workers of the World was born. Conditions were going from bad to worse and the AFL was unable to handle the situation. The same tactics are being used against the IWW as were used against the abolitionists. But principles such as those of the IWW cannot and will not be wiped out. So well was the IWW formed during the period of organization, that it has a two-fold purpose. It battles for the

better things in life, in order to enable the workers to keep body and soul together, while striving for the final goal. Its immediate aim is amelioration, but its ultimate one is full and complete emancipation, not of negroes alone but of all workers regardless of color or race.

## Much Useless Competition

To those who think we have reached the height of civilization we will soon show that civilization has only begun.

There are hundreds of different craft unions trying to battle alone, with no other object in view but to gain a few more crumbs.

This same senseless competitive system is evident in everything else.

Railroads are running alongside of each other where one would be enough.

Different stage lines are running to the same places and going broke for lack of passengers. Milk wagons are following each other along the same routes.

Thousands of office workers in big cities are taking down what would be useless notes and sending out what would be worthless bills under a co-operative system.

Ships are crossing the oceans partly loaded going and coming back in ballast.

Different newspapers in the same city are printing the same news—and destroying the forests of the country in order to secure the paper pulp with which to do so,

People are gazing in jewelry store windows, but nobody is inside buying.

Theatres are only partly filled.

Fine hotels abound with empty rooms; while the slums are overcrowded.

Policemen must guide the idiots from running over each other and guard the jails to put them in, if they should wake up.

## Present System Insane

When the present system is looked squarely in the face everything seems to be wrong and a waste of labor. No matter how powerful a bad system may seem, so long as it runs for profit instead of use it will go; all hell can't stop it. If the workers are not prepared to take the reins, degeneracy, degradation, murder, rape, disease and insanity will be our lot and hasten our doom!

What little conditions and wages we have today are not a loving gift that has been bestowed upon the workers by the masters. They have absolutely no sympathy for the workers, but to keep them in submission to them.

Knowing now how wasteful the present system is we must study it in order to avoid mistakes when putting our own theory into practice.

Everything we see today was a dream at one time, even Christopher Columbus had a dream and



was called crazy when he said the earth was round and there was such a thing as a way around the earth.

Under a sane system, wherein Industrial Unions will rule the land and determine the number of hours each person shall work there will be a paradise after the reconstruction period, which will be the most trying. There will be big problems at first such as the slums and fire traps. These will be destroyed and modern, fire-proof buildings and huge laundries built.

Electric power will be developed to do all the heating and lighting and, wherever possible, relieve the miners from death traps.

Railroads, highways and canals will be built to meet modern methods.

One big store will be organized in each city to do the work of dozens of little dumps; and to keep the goods moving and not rotting on the shelves.

One big union run by the workers will replace a hundred run by pie card artists.

Big restaurants of unknown size to do the work of all the old, foul smelling places.

Salesmen will be useless, so will be put to useful work.

To make a long story short, everything you look at will have to be improved on. Industrial Unionism will save the world before it has lost the last hope: manhood.

The fangs of dope are gripping every nation; prostitution of the worst type is rampant everywhere. Unemployment makes men sink to a low degree for a job, and afterwards turn stoolpigeon in order to hold the job. Many go insane, while suicide is a common occurrence everywhere. Scandal and murder is the news that is fed to "the great intelligent public," and they glory in the wonderful news they get.

As the times go by we see where the country is drifting. Crooked politicians, as in Teapot Dome, are steering the ship on the rocks. Farmers and banks are going bankrupt. Prices go up as it means bigger profits, but they do not come down as it's a loss then. People begin to lose faith in the government and its officials. This is the downfall of the nation. This downfall comes about of itself and not because any group of workers wished it or made it so.

We come back, after looking the situation over and noticing where society is going, to take a glance at those patriots who cry for the blood of the workers who dare criticize and demand a change in both. Knowing that the greatest men during the American revolution were called traitors, knowing also that the abolitionists were also called likewise, when both were really the builders and promoters of the country, we would not heed these outcries seriously, were it not for the savagery that accompanies them.

Men who dare criticize and condemn are to be admired; especially when they present an organized constructive solution of that which they attack.

The fate of the abolitionists is well known. That they were right history has proven conclusively. Today we of the IWW are undergoing the same persecution which was the portion of those who decried keeping black men in slavery. We are going them one better; we believe a system which keeps **any** man, white, black, yellow or brown in slavery, is fundamentally rotten and, as our object is inconceivably larger than that of the abolitionists we can expect nothing but persecution and execration from those who hold the reins of power. Traitors were the abolitionists in the 40's and 50's, traitors are the IWW today. Tomorrow history will show who the real traitors are!



## SHUT UP

By SAM LESHER

What did you tell that man just now?  
I told him to hurry.  
What right have you to tell him to hurry?  
I pay him to hurry.  
How much do you pay him?  
Four dollars a day.  
Where do you get the money?  
I sell products.  
Who makes the products?  
He does.  
How many products does he make in a day?  
Ten dollars worth.  
Then instead of you paying him, he pays you \$6 a day to stand around and tell him to hurry.  
Well, but I own the machines.  
How did you get the machines?  
I sold products and bought them.  
Who made the products?  
Shut up, he might hear you.

## THE BARGAIN COUNTER

Bargains in dress goods and bargains in lace.  
Bargains in garments of beauty and grace.  
Here are the offerings piled in a heap.  
Bargains on bargains—remarkably cheap.  
Wait, let us see whence these bargain goods came  
Ere we plunge into the bargaining game!  
Look at that exquisite waist—it was made  
Down in the slums by a woman ill paid;  
Glorious plume for a wonderful hat?—  
Little child hands gave the beauty to that!  
Bargains in goods? Why, they're bargains in pain,  
Bargains in body and bargains in brain,  
Bargains in manhood and womanhood, too,  
Bargains in childhood here offered to you;  
Bargains in hate and oppression and greed,  
Bargains in hearts that must suffer and bleed,  
Bargains in sweat-shops and pestilent holes,  
Bargains in labor and bargains in souls,  
Here on the counter together they lie,  
Bargain Sale! Bargain Sale! Come on and buy. . . .

—Maoriland Worker.



# Experience versus Thinking

By J. H. LARSH

FROM nearly all sides one can hear expressions such as, "our thinkers," "for people who think," "people who let others think for them," and a host of similar exclamations pertaining to this "thinking business."

Such expressions convey the belief that man is a "thinking being" and solves his problems through "thought action."

Let us carry a retrospect along the lines of human progress and see whether problems were "thought out" or "worked out," as mankind advanced from savagery, through barbarism and into civilization.

The great antiquity of mankind upon the earth has been conclusively established. They started their career at the bottom of the scale in a rude and humble condition; without experience and with but little to guide their footsteps.

The strictly primitive age of man must have found him without an art, a science or an institution; found him undeveloped and held down by his low animal appetites and passions; yet potentially all he has since become.

If we are to follow him along any particular line of progress or development, such as subsistence, government, architecture, the family, etc., or follow his progress in a general sense, the same facts will meet us: namely, that through his trials and experience he gained knowledge, little by little. Every bit of knowledge acquired was a guide and a stepping stone to more, until the present complexity of facts was attained.

## How Invention Happens

A great many of man's discoveries were of a fortuitous nature and could have been delayed just as well as to have happened when they did. The innovation of the telephone did not come because people needed telephones, but was a chance discovery made while Bell was experimenting with the telegraph instrument. The possibilities of a telephone were demonstrated to him during his experiments and not because he sat down some place and did some "deep thinking." Some discoveries followed others as a natural sequence.

Mankind while in savagery discovered the native metals, like copper and gold. They were malleable and he pounded them into rude hammers and plates. Then later melted them in the crucible and cast them in moulds and by still greater effort, alloyed metals such as copper with tin and produced bronze, which gave him a little harder metal; and then by still greater efforts, and probably, a vaster stretch of time, he was able to smelt iron ore and produce iron and steel.

This particular discovery was a great event for him; nine-tenths of the battle toward civilization was won. Armed with iron and steel tools that would hold an edge and a point he soon became master over many things.

Civilization may be said to be based upon iron and steel, but all the elements of civilization were wrought out by slow and painful efforts of our barbarous and savage progenitors.

The laws, ordinances, decrees, made for civilians' guidance are not "thought out." The legislator does little more than formulate what experience has shown and pressed into notice. In some cases the law is formulated by others and legislators are told to pass them.

## Essential Democrats

Mankind's plan of government while in the status of barbarism and savagery was essentially democratic and a contrast to the aristocratic and industrial despotic form to be found in Civilization.

For ages mankind was organized under a gentile society, the unit of which was a gens—a body of consanguinities bearing a common gentile name; the succeeding organic series being the phratry, the tribe, the confederacy of tribes and the coalition of tribes which formed a nation.

Political society is modern and supervened upon gentile society, which held mankind together from time immemorial. Usurpation followed on the heels of political society and soon entrenched itself so deeply that up to the present time the people have not been able to take back that which is theirs by natural inheritance.

The government of the few over the many is foreign to mankind and will be short lived as democratic principles and usages are deeply rooted in mankind's institutions.

As time goes by it is demonstrated by experience that delegated power is costly and disastrous and through trials and hardships under these experiments the truth has been plainly shown, that the people as a whole have more intelligence and can handle their own affairs better than any set of men can; no matter how cultivated or refined they may be or can ever become.

Past history plainly shows that wherever power was delegated, sooner or later it was abused. If man is a thinking being would he let others control his destiny? No; he would not!

## Knowledge Accumulated Through Experience

The workers are gaining the knowledge that politicians, intellectuals and labor fakers are a farce and a detriment to them in their struggle on the economic field.

The strikes and lockouts, jails and prisons, have demonstrated the truth about laws, courts, politicians, pie card artists; in short, they have clearly shown through bitter experience the fallacy of such a scheme of affairs.

The Hearst newspapers are printed for "People who Think." A mass of literature is daily circulated teaching this error about "thinking." Did you ever have an original thought? I haven't!





# Ku Klux Klan Tries Intimidation

By HARRY FISHER



PARADE PASSING WOBBLY HALL

## SCENES OF CENTRALIA RE-ENACTED IN SAN PEDRO

On Saturday night, March 1st, crowds began to gather in the harbor district of San Pedro, Calif., within the shadow of Liberty Hill.

Curious inquiries elicited the information that there would be a parade of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

From remarks passed among the crowds it appeared to be no secret that the purpose of this parade was intimidation of the Industrial Workers of the World, who were growing stronger, in spite of every form of persecution.

As one bystander defined it, it was to be a demonstration to the wobblies that there was to be no repetition of the strike of last year when all the shipping was tied up in the harbor.

From six o'clock to eight the crowds increased along the proposed line of march and on all side streets every available parking space was occupied by automobiles.

On every hand uniformed police were engaged in directing traffic and keeping open the avenue between the surging crowds.

At last the suspense was broken when someone shouted, "Here they come!"

**F**AR in the distance one could see the mounted vanguard flanking a hooded rider bearing a flaming cross.

In the dim sheen of the motley lights of the waterfront, penetrating a hazy fog, one could discern the long, wierd cavalcade of hooded apparitions slowly winding its ominous movement toward the city proper.

The newspapers say that searchlights were focussed on the hillcrests to preclude a possible attack from ambushes of IWW gun nests.

It was patent that the Klansmen were intent on demonstrating that if there was violence it must show the IWW as the aggressor, because the paraders marched with folded arms.

That the masks were flapping from the back of the hoods instead of covering the face may or may not be to the credit of these self-constituted ultra-hundred percent paragons of Americanism, but it is well to remember that because of the acts of violence **proven on the organization in this state**, the California legislature enacted a law that makes it a crime to wear a mask as a part of their regalia in public.

At any rate, this was the first attempt to stage

a demonstration since that law was passed, over a year ago. That no effort was spared to make this invasion impressive is attested by the wide area from which the various units were recruited, extending from the Mexican border to Bakersfield, 200 miles north, on the other side of the Tehachapi Mountain divide.

If there should remain any doubt regarding the purpose of this invasion, that doubt is dispelled by the route chosen for this occasion.

The parade assembled about a quarter of a mile north of Liberty Hill, proceeded along 4th Street to Beacon, marched up Beacon to 6th Street, along 6th Street to Pacific Avenue, turned south on Pacific Avenue to 12th, along 12th Street, past the IWW hall, to Palo Verde—and, significant fact—at 12th and Palo Verde the column turned and circled the block in which the IWW hall is located. Then the line of march continued along Center Street to 6th and back to the assembly point.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the number of Klansmen in the parade. A Long Beach paper gives the number at 15,000, local papers say 10,000, the Hearst Examiner of Los Angeles says 25,000 while the Cornelius Vanderbilt Daily News



says 1,200 which is probably correct, as the writer estimated the number at not more than 2,000.

After the last of the parade passed around the first corner the writer made a short cut to the IWW hall, half in doubt that the parade would go that far out of the business district.

Arriving there, I saw several cameras being placed in position. Then I knew that something was going to happen and instead of going into the hall, I remained on the opposite side, to see what I would see, and now I am glad that I did not go in.

As the parade approached, periodical flare bombs were exploded.

#### **Klansmen Had Bad Consciences**

The first half of the parade passed as silently as possible, with furtive glances toward the upper story of the hall, as if expecting a hail of bullets or a tear bomb or an infernal machine. As half of the parade passed without any casualties the rest became bolder and stamped on the paved street with a heavy tread, as if to make those in the meeting hall think a whole regiment of artillery was surrounding the hall, which in fact was surrounded, because the first part of the parade got around the block and had to pause to let the last part go by.

But, in the meantime, were the wobblies overawed? Were they panic-stricken?

In sharp contrast to the parade, which was flanked by police guards about every hundred feet, besides the 100-percenters scattered among the spectators, those within the hall were undaunted and conducted their meeting as if nothing unusual was transpiring.

I say I was glad I remained outside, on the opposite side of the street, for from that position I had a good perspective of the intrepid heroism and staunch devotion and unswerving loyalty that has been impervious to persecution, prison and death.

My blood tingled with rapture as the lilting melody of the young rebel girls transcended even the chorus of masculine voices in the encouraging words of "Union men be strong" which the Ku Klux Klan may have interpreted as Hold the Fort, while visions of Centralia were conjured in their fiendish plan. The parade lingered on the return, as the leader invited as many as cared to come to the original place of assemblage to hear a speech from the Klan orator.

I went there and the speaker seemed to have only kind words for the wobblies as human entities.

He said: "If there are any IWW in the crowd I say to you we are not against you, but we are against bolshevism, anarchy, IWW ism or any other doctrine of disloyalty to the constitution.

#### **Where We Can Go**

"If you are aliens, willing to become good Americans, you will not be molested. If you don't like the country you can go back to where you came from and if you have no country to go to,— you can go to hell."

Among other things he mentioned that the Klan



**FRONT VIEW OF PROCESSION**

was not bigoted nor intolerant but they would brook no interruption of commerce.

He said the Klan had no apologies to offer, and I thought of Taft, Bakersfield and Inglewood, Cal., in which latter place the Klan forced entry into a home and compelled two girls to get up and dress before them and of the conviction of Klansmen in the former two cities to prison terms for overt acts committed under their disguise.

I listened and was glad no worker played into his hand by wanting to argue the point, for this was his meeting and the memory of Bastrop, La., was not yet erased from my mind.

In conclusion it may be significant that a local banker, and the supervisor of the fink hall known as "marine service bureau," were in the front ranks of the parade, all of which may be translated into a concerted effort of the ship owners' organization and the chamber of commerce, aided and abetted by the uniformed minions, to encompass the extermination of the organization that interfered with their profits eleven months ago.

**The overflow meeting on the following night is our most eloquent reply.**

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Non-resident aliens coming to America to lecture and write articles would be required to file a sworn statement of the purposes and intentions under the terms of a bill to be introduced soon. Its sponsor, Representative Tinkham, of Massachusetts, says, "Vast sums of money have been spent to affect color, shape or even suffocate the normal and spontaneous expression of public opinion in this country on profound political issues, economic policies, institutional principles and social problems."

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**HOW ABOUT LAND FRAUDS AND EARTHQUAKES? LIKE 'EM?**

**CALIFORNIA IS NOTED FOR THESE TWO FEATURES.**



# The Struggle for the Albi Glassworks

By E. MAST, PARIS, FRANCE

THERE exists in the city of Albi in the south of France and about one hundred miles from the Spanish frontier, large glassworks known all over the country as the Labor Glassworks of Albi. The origin of this factory dates from the great Carmaux strike of 1895 when the glassworkers of that city went on strike in solidarity with one of their fellow workers who was discharged for having dared to represent them at a glassworkers' congress. It was a long, protracted strike, either of the sides refusing to give in. The then representative of Carmaux in the French Chamber of Deputies was no other than Jaurès. Together with many other propagandists he went down and supported the strikers. Henri Rochefort took up the cudgels on behalf of the strikers in the Paris press. Public opinion rose to such a pitch that the government of the day had to resign. But nothing was able to shake the bitter tenacity of the owner of the Carmaux glassworks. He wanted nothing less than the complete surrender of his workmen.

As a way out of this situation—the support of the strikers demanding large sums of money—it was decided, upon the proposition of Jaurès, to build a factory that would employ all the strikers and that would be the property of all the labor organizations, co-operative societies and trade unions which would buy the shares of the new undertaking.

## Workers Have No Voice

It was in January 1897 that the Albi Glassworks had the finishing touch put to them. These works are, today, of a very great commercial importance. They are managed by an administration council elected by the shareholders. The workmen themselves have no voice either in the management of the works or in the profit sharing.

We now come to the crisis which threatens to destroy the work of a quarter of a century, to destroy it in the crude, literal sense of the word.

There exists, at the Albi Glassworks, no less than three separate unions of glassworkers. One—the “Confederated” union—is affiliated to the General Confederation of Labor (CGT); another one—the “Unitarian” union—is affiliated to the Unitarian General Confederation of Labor (CGTU); and yet another one is autonomous, unattached to any national body. This autonomy has nothing to do with the present struggle of the revolutionary syndicalists against the political enslavement of the CGTU, a struggle that finds its outlet in the withdrawal from the latter of a number of powerful unions and in their proclamation of independence from any political parties. In the case of the Albi autonomous union of glassworkers, it is a matter of local wrangle inside the “unitarian” union, having no bearing upon the political tendencies of the national organization, and although the “autonomous” union has sprung up from a split within

the unitarians, the split is solely due to local misunderstandings.

In the first week of February the “confederates” and the “autonomists” took possession of the works and expelled the administration council as well as the “unitarians.”

## Illegal Levy Started Trouble

This stroke was provoked by the following reasons: The old age pensions fund of the Albi glassworks is made up by 40 per cent of the net profits of the undertaking. But the administration council was also withholding 5 per cent from the workmen's wages for this old age pensions fund. The “confederates” refused to pay this amount. The “autonomists” followed suit. The “unitarians” were ready to pay. They even sent a delegation to the police prefect asking him to intervene.

It looks preposterous that a question like the payment of 5 per cent of one's earnings to the old age pensions fund—illegal as it looks to be, and unnecessary—should have brought almost to blows the workers of the factory with the administrative council, elected by workers and labor bodies. It must be said that from the first day of the conflict, the behavior of the administration council was of a most provocative character, having refused to consider the fact that a conflict **within the ranks of labor** should be settled without resorting to unscrupulous methods. Thus, the factory committee elected by the “confederates” and “autonomists” had to issue, a few days after it had taken over the management of the glassworks, a statement which says, among other things, that the administrative council has given the assurance that workmen who will refuse to work under the control of the two unions—“confederate” and “autonomous”—will receive their full pay. This incitement to blacklegging is certainly unworthy of a Labor Managing Board, and happily the greatest majority of the workmen have refused to follow the advice of the council and have continued their work in the factory.

## Council Refuses to Arbitrate

The CGT has proposed to mediate between the conflicting parties and to examine the possibilities of an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Administrative Council declined the mediation of the CGT on the grounds that it is able to cope with the situation without the aid of any third party. The method used by the council is, nevertheless, far from allaying discontent. It notified the Municipal Council of Albi that henceforth it will refuse to pay the water rate for the glassworks and has taken steps to have the electric current cut off. These measures have still more incensed the workers who are supporting the factory committee, and reprisals were freely talked of.

The workers have declared that they will, under no circumstances, give up the factory to the pres-



ent administrative council and that they will rather perish under the ashes of the factory than surrender.

This new phase of the crisis has raised quite a new problem: the role of the workmen in a factory belonging to the working class.

It should be said that the wages paid at the Albi glassworks by the Administrative Council do not differ in anything from the wages paid in any capitalist concern and that the different wage scales existing for the different classes of workmen and technical staff are much too wide apart.

And the climax having been reached by the threats on both sides, we have the spectacle of a Labor concern being brought to wreck and ruin because of complete inability on the part of the two labor sides to come to terms.

The threat of the workmen has now been consummated. Part of the buildings have been burnt down. Six of the members of the factory council were immediately arrested as responsible for the deed. The local fire brigade was able to localize the conflagration.

Upon the arrest of the leaders all the workmen declared their solidarity with the arrested members.

The new factory council, elected immediately upon the arrest of the members of the former council responsible for the burning down of part of the factory premises has officially declared itself ready to renew its struggle. The workmen refuse to leave the factory.

This is how the matter stands at the moment of writing. But it is already possible to draw some conclusions from the sad events that have culminated in this deliberate arson. First comes the splitting of labor forces: within one single factory, we have three glassworkers' unions! Where the smallest sincere effort could have easily united all the workmen in one strong union.

Then comes the still more important question of co-operative ownership of factories without the participation of the workers in the management of the factory.

The workmen of the Albi works have no desire to supersede the rights of the legitimate owners of the factory—the different co-operative societies and labor unions who hold shares in the concern. What they demand, and rightly demand, is that they should not be considered as “hands” only, that they should have a say in everything that concerns the factory they work in.

The struggle for workers' control will be the great struggle of our times. It is ridiculous that

this struggle should not find its normal and logical solution within one's own ranks, in a factory owned by labor. Whether the workmen of the Albi factory are right or wrong in their present attitude and in the methods they are using to determine their rights is now becoming secondary. What is more important is the attitude of the Labor council which administers the factory on behalf of the Labor organizations: it denies any right of interference to the workmen employed by it. This in itself is reprehensible enough to explain the nervousness of workers conscious of their strength and of their rights.

And it is a deep tragedy to see the work of years wantonly destroyed in a struggle which should never have reached the stage the Albi squabble made it possible to attain.

The reaction that this struggle may have upon the French proletariat cannot yet be gauged. But will it surprise anyone if the workers of France will feel a great disappointment in that the only Labor-owned factory of France was unable to exist because of Labor's incapacity to manage and to administer?

#### Principle Must be Recognized

The “Albi Conflict,” began round a 5 per cent levy to the old age pensions fund, is closing round a great principle and a sad experience: The sad experience that, more often than not, co-operative undertakings turn out to be ordinary profit-making trade concerns in which the idealism of the first days is submerged in the every-day mercantile spirit. The great principle that the workers have a right to participate in the management of a factory they enrich by their labor. They are called upon to supersede the capitalist employer; and in those cases where the employer is a labor co-operative organization, it is urgent that both “employer” and “employee”—the two of them belonging to the same working class—should equally participate in the management of the concern.

One can only hope that before it is too late, the labor shareholders of the Albi Glassworks will understand their duty and will put an end to the high-handed method of settlement of their Administrative Council and will call upon the despairing workers to refrain from any further destruction of their common property.

Meanwhile the whole bourgeois press of France is gloating over this labor mismanagement. This alone should serve as deterrent to both sides to continue their suicidal struggle which could only help the common enemy.

**NEXT MONTH**—The May Pioneer will be a birthday number and will contain many special features. Chief among them will be a story by Eugene Barnett, one of our class-war prisoners. It was written behind the walls of a state penitentiary and the workingclass spirit which pulsates through every line should be an inspiration to every worker to continue the fight against those who keep our best and bravest in durance vile. A story that will make you burn with indignation; a story that will grip your heart and make you renew your vows to never cease struggling until such brutes as are depicted in the tale are driven from the seats of power and Labor triumphant rules the world. A proletarian masterpiece! Don't fail to get the May Pioneer.



# The Age-long Struggle

By J. A. MacDONALD

THE average man likes his rut, because ruts have the advantage that one can travel them as a matter of custom. Leaving the ruts, on the other hand, demands thinking out new paths, a great adventure which the average man is unwilling to take. When one knows the data given by the new psychology and that the majority of the people of the United States, for example, have the mentality of thirteen-year-old children, it is not difficult to understand why they travel in ruts. And not only this but that they have ruts in their brains through which what passes for thought oozes through accustomed channels, like viscid mud following wheel tracks on a country road. Anything that would change a society of ruts represents to the conservatism of humanity something uncalled for. It would force the conservative to think, and despite his pretensions to thought, the conservative has a becoming realization of his own mental inferiority. He knows that he would be lost without his rut.

## Economic Urges Forbid Stagnation

The social tree may be rotten at the core, its roots may be masses of decay, alive with crawling parasites, worms and larvae; it may be covered with fungus and dead moss. But anyone who says that it is not fit social timber is hooted, or worse. No

matter how rotten with age the society, how alive with the crawling things of the slime, if it be old, its age sanctifies it, and woe be to him who first advocates progress.

Man is so much the creature of habits, of customs, so much the worshipper of things that are dead, or on the verge of death, that the wonder is not that man has not progressed more, but that the savage conservative, just emerged from his monkey state did not forever hold the world in the rut of savagery. In fact, only the urge of economic forces which would not permit society to stagnate has made possible any progress against the static forces in society—the rut forces of conservatism. Man has not progressed because the majority of mankind wanted to move forward—what was wanted was to be left alone, first with their savagery, next with their barbarism, and now with their hollow pretensions of civilization, and the fact of their industrial slavery. Those hollow phrases in which the conservative enunciates his pretensions are a mask in which he hides his unwillingness to move forward, and his consciousness of his mental inferiority to meet the changed conditions, which progress represents. To speak the language of the new psychology, the conservative is the result of an “inferiority complex.”

## Force Used as Final Argument

But man has progressed because he has been forced to struggle in spite of himself, and because in every age there were a few, alive physically and mentally, to whom struggle meant life, who were dissatisfied with the ruts, who challenged the things that were senile, who were a dynamic force in a static society, and fought against things as they were to make them into closer approximations to things as they should be.

We thus find that the real inwardness of human history, the thing that makes it other than a mumbling of idiots in the dark, has been the story of the old and the new in conflict, the battle of the conservativeness of humanity trying to protect itself against that progress which the agitator has always represented. The weapons of the conservative have been appeals to the rut psychology, and misstatement, buttressed with persecution when all else failed; and it is noteworthy that persecution is never resorted to until the old is unable to fight the new with arguments, or find a dent in its armor through which the shafts of satire can pass. Persecution has always been the last resort of the conservative with no argument against his antagonist except the argument of force.

We can imagine the conservative under savagery—and we would still be there only for the agitators—arising to the full height of his apehood and demanding that the discoverer of fire be driven from the tribe, and in his wrath invoking all his gods, savage as himself, to aid him against the innovators,



Thirty-four

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



those who were menacing conditions that were sacred with age, and ending with the last refuge of conservatism in all the ages, that jungle logic: "It was good enough for father and it's good enough for me."

The story of Prometheus bringing fire from heaven and being punished for his act by being chained to a rock with an eagle eating his liver has a basis in the early history of the race. It represents more, and I know that it was not an eagle but a buzzard, for I have seen that same vulture feeding in our own time on the heart of Labor. That vulture has had its beak in the heart of the agitator through all the ages. Today we do not need to go back to the poetic mythology of Greece and Rome, for the same vulture beak is evident in the recent history of the United States and the present history of California. The brother of the ape—often also a half-witted brother—who fought against the use of fire has his lineal descendants in the men who a short time ago were making a meal on Tea Pot Dome while eating the vitals of labor for their dessert.

#### Christ Had a "Fair and Impartial" Trial

It was not accident that Socrates was forced to drink the hemlock by the organized society of his day. It was not an accident that Christ was crucified by the organized society of his day, with the orthodox church of his time whispering a benediction. I often regret that history has not saved for us the lofty patriotic phrases and the holy sentiments which were used by the conservatives of that time to explain his crucifixion and to justify themselves as pillars of society and maintainers of that higher morality to which that crucifixion was a tribute. I would forgive Josephus the hundreds of dry and meaningless details with which his history of the Jews is padded, if he had given us the report of the speeches of the politicians to justify the crucifixion of this proletarian agitator, the "friend of publicans and sinners," and the text of the address to the jury of Pontius Pilate, for undoubtedly they would furnish the precedents that were missing to embellish addresses recently delivered in the United States by judges presiding at the crucifixion of Labor, although it is doubtful that this lost charge to the jury descended to the driveling idiocy of the California judge who asked by the defendant what he was charged with, answered: "Stick around kid, you'll find out," or of that other judge who saw no cause for labor discontent because the rich were not allowed to go to the poorhouse and the poor were, thus proving that the poor had higher rights than the rich in America. But despite the loss of the court records, of one thing we may be sure, and this is that Christ was given "a fair and impartial trial." The fact that he was an agitator assures this. And further I am sure that his persecutors were all honorable gentlemen, for often I find food for thought, and in my frivolous moments also for laughter when I consider how honorable their successors, the recent persecutors of labor in the United States have been discovered to be.

#### History Repeats Itself

We have not the reports of the trial of Christ, but we have the analogies between the agitators who followed in his footsteps in the days of the early Church and the trials of our own agitators. In the great work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," we find analogy after analogy showing that history repeats itself, and that the methods of the conservative in fighting progress are ever basically the same. Nor is this to be wondered at when one realizes that the conservative is a person who forgets much and learns little, which perhaps accounts for the fact that each succeeding generation of them is more ignorant than the one which preceded. Here I have space for only one quotation showing the same methods of falsification used in Rome against the Christians that are now used in the United States against the modern representatives of the new idea. The quotation is from the famous sixteenth chapter of this monumental work:

The precautions with which the disciples of Christ performed the offices of religion were at first dictated by necessity; but they were continued through choice. By imitating the awful secrecy which reigned in the Eleusinian mysteries the Christians had flattered themselves that they would render their sacred institutions more respectable to the pagan world. But the event as often happens to subtle policy, deceived their expectations. It was concluded that they only concealed what they would have blushed to disclose. Their mistaken prudery afforded an opportunity for malice to invent, and for suspicious credulity to believe, the horrid tales which described the Christians as the most wicked of mankind, who practiced in their dark recesses every abomination that a depraved fancy could suggest, and who solicited the favor of their unknown God by the sacrifice of every moral virtue. There were many who pretended to confess or relate the ceremonies of the abhorred society. It was asserted that a new-born infant, entirely covered with flour, was presented, like some mystic symbol of initiation to the knife of the proselyte, who unknowingly inflicted many a sacred wound on the innocent victim of his error; that as soon as the cruel deed was perpetrated the sectaries drank the blood, greedily tore asunder his quivering members and pledged themselves to eternal secrecy by the mutual consciousness of guilt. It was as confidently affirmed that this human sacrifice was succeeded by a suitable entertainment, in which intemperance served as the provocative of lust, until at the appointed moment the lights were extinguished, shame was banished, nature was forgotten; and as accident might direct, the darkness of the night was profaned with the incestuous commerce of sisters and of brothers, of sons and of mothers.

#### Ancient Liars Abler than Present Ones

"There were many who pretended to confess or relate the ceremonies of the abhorred society." How



the modern prosecutors reading the pages of the great history of Rome must lament the deterioration in the art of lying which places their witnesses below the plane of the witnesses against the early Christians. They have their Coutts and Dymond, their Townsend, with his long record of sexual degeneracy, but to the regret of those who pay the professional witnesses their lies lack the salacious flavor of their predecessors in ancient Rome. Three-fingered Jack Godwin, radical baiter for modern capitalism with his expert knowledge of degeneracy, before he was arrested and convicted of every form of sexual degeneracy on a thirteen-year-old child, at Tacoma, should have been able to have ascribed such vices to the IWW as the stoolpigeons of ancient Rome ascribed to the Christians. But unfortunately the witnesses and speakers for capitalism today are not up to the Roman standard, and they have been too busy enacting dramas of the redlight to read the works of Gibbon, with their many hints on the better persecution of the IWW in the state of California, and elsewhere.

To me the inner meaning of history is this struggle of the old against the new. History is a continual repetition of various phases of this struggle, with the conservative often winning for a day, as he did when the palaces of Nero were illumined with the pitch-covered bodies of Christians, but with the agitator winning for all the future; with the conservative trying to maintain the old and outworn through lies and persecutions, through chicanery and fraud, and the agitator building grander temples of humanity through thought and the power of thought, truth and the power of truth.

#### Rome Points a Moral

In reading the story of Rome, gangrened with its vices, rotten with compromise and political expediency, moving to its fall, not through the activities of the Goths and Vandals without the gates but committing suicide through the activities of the Goths and Vandals who were sapping Rome's vitality within, I find a precedent for many of the things that are happening in the world today. Although the science of statecraft has improved since then, and the discovery of oil makes possible higher expressions of Roman methods than were possible in Rome itself, yet it can be said that Rome had its Daughertys and Denbys, its men who typified my old jailors. Rome had its mobs and mob government, although nothing to compare with our modern mobs in night gowns, or the lynchings which are the product of twenty centuries of progress. Now things of this kind are done on a vaster scale as befits greater wealth and power. Besides there is the fact that Rome would not have endured as long as modern nations under such assaults, because it did not have an absolutely democratic form of government.

There is nothing new under the sun. Certainly the methods used by the forces of conservatism in the United States find many precedents on the pages

of Roman history, although there are accessories at the disposal of the prosecutor of the present time which had not been developed to be used against the early Christians. With only one newspaper, the *Acta Diurna*, the conservatives of Rome were handicapped in comparison with those of the present time. But what the Romans lacked in modern engines for the dissemination of falsehood was in all probability made up in greater ability on the part of the prosecutors. And this strikes one of my personal sore spots against the persecutors of the United States. I did not find honesty, but this was not a disappointment, but I did expect some ability. I can forgive them everything but their utter lack of ability, the idiocy of themselves and their methods. One likes an enemy with brains, and if perforce their job was to lie, one would like to have them do it with an ability commensurate with their practice at the art. One likes to have an opponent with brains, and for this reason I would much prefer to be persecuted by a Roman rather than an American politician.

#### The Triumph of Progress

The story of Ancient Rome is the decline of a social system that not even persecution could save, and the rise of new forces which even persecution could not delay because they contained a germ of social development. It is the story of the triumph of the new over the old which is the fundamental on which human evolution rests. As Gibbon himself says:

Those who survey with a careful eye the revolutions of mankind may observe that the gardens and circus of Nero on the Vatican, which were polluted with the blood of the first Christians, have been rendered still more famous by the triumph and the abuse of the persecuted religion. On the spot a temple far surpassing the ancient glories of the Capitol has since been erected by the Christian pontiffs, who deriving their claim to universal domination from an humble fisherman of Galilee, have succeeded to the thrones of the Caesars, and erected thereon a spiritual jurisdiction from the coast of the Baltic to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Can the Gibbon of the future report a better result for the conservatism of the present? For the history of the world is that despite all the power it represented and all the force it used, reaction has always been defeated by the new and vital force which it assailed. Will not the future historian record the futility of the efforts of reaction in our own time, and record the establishing of a society based on the freedom of all mankind on the scene of the mad shambles of modern capitalism? Capitalism is doomed by its very nature to extinction because it is a system of fraud and violence, and can no longer be maintained except through the fraud and violence which has characterized the prosecution of recent years. The future belongs to Labor, and persecution is the proof that the old system realizes that it is doomed.





# The Oil Fields of Wyoming

By M. J. ANDERSON

**O**UT here in this great open prairie, in the great state of Wyoming, the oil industry holds full sway and power; and the aroma that comes from the refineries and gasoline plants is a great medium for sending the poor wage slave to an early grave.

This oil is a mineral that the entire world needs and the entire world must have, and the corporations hold it back, demanding higher prices for it, and the wage slaves that wallow in it, bring it in and convert it into gasoline, are the poorest paid, worst-treated wages slaves in any industry.

Now, let's go back about ten years and see what there was in these Salt Creek oil fields: nothing but a barren country, with hardly enough grass for sheep to graze on and—look at it today!

The poor people staked their few dollars with the slick grafters to form a company to do some wildcat work. They sunk test wells, struck oil and then the same old story—the small investors were frozen out, the big parasitic bourgeoisie grabbed up the bacon and the rest of the people, including the wage slave, got the rind.

## One of the Biggest Fields

The once barren country is now one of the biggest oil fields in the country; thousands of rigs, gas plants, pump stations and tank farms everywhere, and one of the biggest refineries in the world; all this done in less than ten years.

There have been billions of dollars made by the Standard in these fields, and for all this the workers have made, on the average, about four and a half dollars a day, and were forced to feed themselves besides.

Why should this be? Any fair-minded man ought to see the crime, the disgrace of anything like this in a so-called free country.

You people who make your living or mere existence in the oil industry, how much longer are you going to stand for these conditions? Are you going to brace up and fight or are you going to lay down like a yellow cur? The solution rests in your own power. You can change these deplorable conditions if you will organize together and fight and show some solidarity. Just one good body blow will bring home the bacon.

What is your answer going to be? Are you going to go forth in the fray or are you going to stand back and "Let George do it"?

This year the Midwest Oil Company is going to

have 640 rigs built. That means a lot of work for rig builders. It also means work for 1280 drillers and the same amount of tool dressers, and about 3,000 roustabouts. This is a good chance to bring up the wages and cut down the hours.

The first thing for the drillers and tool dressers to do is to forget that they are better than anybody else and get in and help us and also help themselves and cut the tower down to 8 hours instead of 12. This can be accomplished by showing a little solidarity.

## Slaves Unorganized

Let's start a real organization drive in here this year, one that will be long remembered. These oil slaves have been unorganized too long, and it's got to be done this year if it's ever going to be done.

There has been little or no work in these fields for the past two or three months, and now the Midwest is laying off a bunch of men and hiring others. What is the reason? Just this: the men were discontented and were ceasing to be meek and humble slaves, and when they laid these men off they wanted to show their old employes what was liable to happen to them. And as the times are pretty dull, they then get to thinking that they will have to put out some real labor or go down the road themselves.

Fellow workers, let's a bunch of us go to work here this spring and make one new wobbly a month. All of us start a little wage action. They can run one individual off the job, but it's pretty hard to run two or three hundred off a job. And when there is a good bunch of active wobblies on the job you're bound to convince the majority of the unorganized that joining the IWW is the best move they can make.

## Active Members Wanted

Above all, don't start calling them hoosiers and scissorbills when you are trying to line them up, because some of the biggest so-called hoosiers that I ever met in the fields last year were carrying little red cards. Taking out a card won't educate anybody. We've got to read up and study so that when we are talking to these people we can explain the principles of the organization.

If there are any foot-loose wobblies that crave action and love a good fight for better conditions, let them come up here and we'll show 'em some real action.



# Sunk by Scabs

(Continued from page 24)

The mate did, but in some inexplicable manner he got his feet all tangled up with one of Jim's and the next moment he found himself sitting on the deck, his head ringing as a result of violent contact of bone and steel.

Of course, nothing like this could happen on deck without everyone knowing it, and Jim and the mate became the center of a crowd in no time. The captain, happening along on his return from the mess-room where he had been enjoying a quiet cup of coffee with the chief engineer, noticed the bunch standing around, and inquired the trouble of the mate who was now on his feet, rubbing the back of his head gingerly.

"This man refuses to obey orders," replied the mate. "He says loading ore is scabbing."

"Yes, and he's got the right dope, too," spoke up the fireman, who, unnoticed, had joined the crowd.

"Scabbing, hell," snarled the "old man;" "I'll have you both in jail. What business is it of yours anyway," he roared at the fireman.

"Back up. You're about to run aground," came the low-toned voice of the chief engineer, who was also a spectator by this time. "That fireman is Tiger Malone, the guy who mopped up 'Bully Parks' last summer. He's a sure enough scrapper; better watch your step. Pay off your deckhand and let him hit the dock, that's the best way out of it."

"Yes, I guess you're right—don't want any trouble," asserted the skipper. "Come on, you, I'll give you your money and you can take your new ideas where they'll be better appreciated than here."

Jim started after the skipper, but a hail from Malone stopped him. "Tell the old man to make mine out, too," he shouted; "I practice solidarity as well as preaching it. The chief remonstrated but the fireman insisted, so a few minutes later Jim and he were on their way ashore, under escort of two company bulls who had been called by the captain.

As they crossed the D. & I. R. tracks they met a group of pickets. These men could not get within two blocks of the docks as the railroad yards were all Steel Trust property and were patrolled by a gang of plug-uglies imported for the purpose of throwing a scare into the strikers.

The strikers, however, did not seem much alarmed. They were mostly Finns and Belgians, men who had seen more than one strike on the docks, and they knew that bulls never loaded boats or did anything else useful. There were several wobs amongst them, some of them old-timers, who remembered the stirring days when Frank Little was kidnaped during a strike.

After exchanging greetings with them and promising to spread the news to Duluth, Jim and the fireman proceeded to the depot and caught the midnight train to Duluth. Jim was now the proud

possessor of a red card, for true to his word, he had lined up as soon as he cashed his check.

While waiting for the train Jim noticed two lights, a red and a white one, shining from a tower near the end of one of the docks and had inquired of Malone the meaning of such signals. "Storm signals," replied his friend; "going to be bad weather; northeasters are hell on this lake. Maybe we're lucky to be off that 'tin-can-cruiser'."

Next morning in Duluth it was evident that the storm signals had not been displayed unnecessarily. The wind kept on rising until at noon it was blowing fifty miles an hour. Rain squalls and clear spells alternated thru the afternoon, but at eventide the thermometer took a sharp drop and dry snow began to sweep in from the storm-clouded lake. Driven by the force of the gale the storm soon became a real blizzard. The sharp flakes cut like glass, and no one faced them except those who had to.

Early in the evening, while sitting in a warm room in the Saratoga hotel, the fireman had remarked to Jim. "Just such a storm as the one that sunk the Kirby. Only two men saved—she broke in two—sank in a minute."

Meanwhile, what of the Mauritius? Working feverishly, the crew of scab sailors had succeeded in getting her loaded about noon and though the weather was as bad as at Duluth and the glass still falling, the captain had let go and started down the lake. He had lost ten hours already and the Mauritius was one of the biggest boats on the lakes, so he figured she could stand the weather. Normally she would have; but — —

Shortly after nine o'clock, when the wheel was changed, the wheelsman noticed that she was not answering her wheel as she should. She seemed "dead," he couldn't keep her anywhere. He told the second mate, who was ensconced in the pilot-house with all the windows battened, and that gentleman "took her" for a few minutes. "She isn't right—acts logy—seems like she's listed," he acknowledged.

A glance at the tell-tale on the after cabin wall showed it to be so. She was listed to starboard, not much, but enough for worry in such a gale. The captain was called and he immediately ordered the port tanks filled. This did not help her. Every roll sent more of the greasy iron ore over to the starboard side and as the list became more pronounced she rolled more viciously. All hands were called and scrapers and cables rigged in the hold. Frantic attempts were made to trim enough ore to balance her, but in vain. While the crew were getting one ton of ore over to the port side old Lake Superior was rolling the entire ore body in the hold further and further starboard. It was a losing fight.

The Mauritius, good ship though she was, had



been done to death by the slovenly manner in which she had been loaded. With the regular crew of dock-men working the spouts, the ore would have been deposited equally throughout her hold and no amount of rolling would have worried her. The technic of loading iron ore calls for spouts in alternate hatches being so set as to deposit the cargo evenly. Thus: No. 1 hatch, starboard, No. 2 hatch, port and so on until the vessel reaches her loading mark. But the untrained sailor scabs who had raised and lowered the spouts at Two Harbors had not been able to place the cargo properly. The ore lay in a heap in the middle of her and as she toiled through the tremendous seas piled up by a seventy-mile northeaster with two hundred miles of sea-room behind it she groaned and rolled in agony and as she rolled she couldn't help shifting a load piled up in a single heap through her entire length.

The captain raged like a wild man. Helpless, caught in the widest part of the lake—he had not dared to run into Copper Harbor, a dangerous port at best, and in a howling northeaster, hopeless—he could only head her up into the weather and pray for luck. But no luck was forthcoming. The blizzard, instead of abating, became steadily worse and by two o'clock in the morning she was listed so badly her starboard gunwale-streak was awash. Nothing remained except to save the crew; the ship was doomed.

There were two regulation, twenty-men life-boats on the after house as well as a gasoline launch. On top of the pilot-house was a life-raft. On the successful launching of these depended the lives of over forty men. The order to abandon ship was given. The firemen had left the boiler-room and as the engine checked she lost steerage-way and rolled more viciously. And every roll carried her farther over on her beam and nearer to her final plunge.

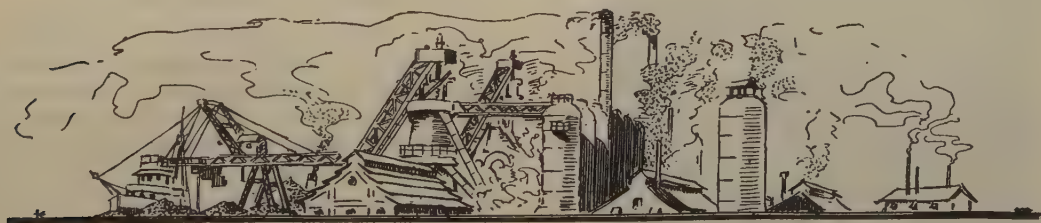
Then came the test of seamanship. The port boat was utterly useless. It could not be lowered with the ship listed so badly. All hands gathered around the starboard boat and the gas launch. It was decided that after the life-boat was cleared away the gas launch would be dropped from the starboard davits also. But lowering a life-boat from a badly listed ship in the fury of a seventy-mile blizzard is not the kind of job "river rats" are cut out for.

Of course, several of them had A. B. tickets; but any lake sailor knows how most "river rats" get their certificates. There was no co-ordination of effort, no discipline, nothing but a crazed mob of yellow-hearted cowards who were brave enough to scab at the master's bidding, while amply protected by an army of gunmen, but who, when put to a real test of manhood, showed themselves in their true colors. The only men who kept their heads were those of the "black-gang."

The life-boat was finally cleared away, but lacking the true sense of seamanship they dropped it just as the ship was rolling to meet it, and it crashed against the steel side and crumpled like an egg shell. Fifteen finks went to hell in that crash. Panic-stricken, the rest grabbed ladders, planks, anything floatable, and leaped into the freezing lake. A moment later the Mauritius took her last roll, hung for a moment and went bottom-up while the voices of the storm-fiends howled a demoniac requiem over two million dollars worth of Steel Trust property.

Next morning the life-savers at Lake Park noticed something rolling over and over through the breakers off their station. It was the life-raft of the Mauritius and the single man it carried, a fireman, was the sole survivor of the crew. The news was flashed from one end of the lakes to the other: The Mauritius—the flagship of the "tin-stack navy"—was gone; over forty men lost—another victory for Lake Superior.

When the papers came out at noon in Duluth, Jim and Malone read the tragic news with mixed feelings. Some of those men now lying on the bottom of "the lake that never gives up its dead" had been good fellows and they were sorry to hear of their end. But, as Malone told Jim for perhaps a thousandth time: "'An injury to one is an injury to all'. That's not only an economic precept—in the final analysis it's a natural law. If those guys had stood pat they wouldn't be dead. The sailors didn't have to scab any more than you did. The firemen and oilers could have quit with me. By staying on the ship they were hurting the cause of Labor, were traitors to their class—stumbling-blocks in the path of progress—and as far as class-conscious workers are concerned, Nature has done us a favor by removing them. Let this be a lesson for you to remember—somehow or other—SOLIDARITY ALWAYS WINS."





# Steinlen—Another Labor Artist Gone!

**G**REAT artists are proud to line up with labor in the struggle for a new society. They realize that only in the emancipation of labor will the emancipation of art be possible. For then will beauty be a social possession, and the joy of living in work expressive of individuality be possible in the leisure and opportunities which the stupendous wealth production of co-operative industry and the machine process will confer on mankind.

William Morris, Walter Crane, Munier, John Sloan—these are only a few of the great artists that have fought with and for labor. John Sloan's art contributed to the release of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso, at Salem, Mass., in 1912. The IWW recalls his masterly drawings in its behalf with gratitude.

Just now the world of labor mourns the death of another skilled wielder of the crayon and brush, the world-famous Steinlen. Of him it is said that "in one sense he was a sympathizer if not a friend of the Paris 'Apache'." He has also been called "The Interpreter of The Unlucky."

Living on the heights of Montmartre, where he died at the end of December, Steinlen "let wealth and the world slip by while he gave his time to his art and his money to the unfortunates who were mainly the subjects of his pencil."

He was the illustrator of Maupassant, Anatole France and other celebrated writers. He was also a master of the poster.

Steinlen rebelled against working class oppression and its sequel in the unfortunates to whom he was friend, voice and sword. His drawings depicted not only the weak, conscious of their own inferiority, but also the workers "carrying out their daily, dreary, hopeless work—of those who have accepted for all time the monotony of Duty!" As a result his drawings were often full of satire, "of violent indignation, of blows struck at the self-satisfied, of the fight for more social Justice."

Steinlen often used lithography as his medium of expression, with true artistic results. This has caused "The Lithographers' Journal," official organ of the Amalgamated Lithographers of America,

to note his loss in the following befitting language:

"Steinlen, the world renowned artist, is dead. Few men can compare with the creative genius of Steinlen. For a better lithography, Steinlen has lavishly contributed his vast wealth of artistic talent and experience. His name is lithographically engraved upon the memory of all art lovers and men of vision. Not only was our great Steinlen a master of art, but his human touch ranked him as one of the foremost men among the advocates of peace and democracy. It is Steinlen's celebrated Peace Drawing, made for the International Federation of Trades Unions, which added tremendous prestige to the cause of peace. This drawing has been reproduced by numerous papers in all the civilized nations. Steinlen's regard for peace and a democracy free from a military autocracy becomes more significant when it is known that Steinlen was a Frenchman."

Steinlen is dead! But the working class lives, rallying unto itself all that is good in man, and carrying it upward and onward to higher planes!

Long live the Steinlens!

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## To a Real Rebel

(Written on the imprisonment of Fellow Worker  
Tom Connors in California)

By THELMA RAY

**A** GAIN wealth-power struggles to suppress  
The mighty voice of truth and righteousness,  
And prison gates again have closed upon  
Another who gave all to distribute  
To enslaved masses Labor's manna fruit,  
And heralded the light of freedom's dawn.  
Though prison walls may still the tongues of men  
"Truth crushed to earth, shall ever rise again,"  
And triumph in the purpose that it sought.  
Unfettered, free, man's realm of mind remains  
Nor prison walls, nor iron bars, nor chains—  
Can hold or hinder his constructive thought.  
He who gives all that men may live to see  
Labor control and own all industry  
And glean the profits of its thrift and toil  
Knows well the vital message that he gave,  
Has stirred a thought within the shackled slave,  
And sown his seed in fields of fertile soil.  
His prison cell inspires a stronger will  
To battle with oppression, not until  
The money lords crouch beaten at his feet  
And Capital is crushed and powerless  
To bring to multitudes want and distress  
Will he declare his work indeed complete.

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The old saying that "man works from sun to sun but a woman's work is never done" is belied by the figures of the National Bureau of Economic Research which shows that the hired girl on the farm working by the week puts in from one to five hours less per week than does the hired man working by the month. Also the female employed by the day works about one-sixth less time than the male day worker.



STEINLEN IN HIS STUDIO



# WOBBLES

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The hobo had asked the hard-faced woman for something to eat.

"Yes," she replied. "I'll fix you some supper if you'll saw and split some wood, sweep off the walk, fix that hole in the fence, tidy up the barnyard, and burn that rubbish pile up at the cellar door."

"Lady," said the hobo, as he started away, "I'm only a hobo; I ain't your husband!"

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## THE PROPER THING TO USE

A social worker with somewhat more enthusiasm than tact went to call upon Terrence Shea, night watchman, at his home. "I hope, Mr. Shea," she said, "that you do not squander your money in liquor and riotous living. I'm trying to interest the people of the neighborhood in the new savings bank which has just been started. May I ask where you deposit your wages?"

"I'd just as soon tell ye as not," replied Mr. Shea. "'Tis \$25 a week I make. When I've paid the rent, the provisions and the grocery bill and the milkman, and bought what's needed for Maggie an' me five children, I deposit the rest of the money in barrels. Mostly, ma'am, I use sugar barrels. They're bigger an' hold more. But when I can't get them I make shift with plain flour barrels."

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## HARD TO FIGURE OUT

The first job O'Brien got in this country only paid \$6 a week but it was a hard winter so he figured it was better than nothing. When payday came around he took \$5 home to Biddy and only kept \$1 himself. Next week, however, he reversed the process.

Biddy couldn't see it. "And how do you expect me to get along on \$1 this week?" she asked.

"Sure, an' I dunno how you'll get along," answered her lesser half, "I had a rotten time last week."

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## UNDER WRONG HEAD

The politician rushed past the official Cerebus into the editorial sanctum. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's Clamor?" he demanded vigorously.

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did. But you put it under the head of Public Improvements'."

## THE RAPE OF THE "POT"

The wish—

"TEA POT OWN?"

"You bet."

The steal—

"TEA POT DOME"

"Good yet."

The mess—

"TEA POT DONE?"

"You tell?"

The squeal—

"TEA POT GONE?"

"OH, HELL."

—Edw. E. Andersen.

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## HOW HE MADE IT NON-UNION

On one occasion a non-union man entered a butcher shop to purchase a calf's head. As the butcher was about to wrap it up for him the customer noticed the union shop card.

"Say, is that a union calf's head?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the butcher.

"Well, I am not a union man and I don't want union meat," said the customer.

"I can make it non-union," said the meat man, picking it up and retiring to the back room. He returned in a few minutes and laid the head on the counter with the remark, "It's all right now."

"What did you do to make it non-union," asked the prospective buyer.

"I simply took the brains out of it."

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## THE END OF AN ARGUMENT

"Now, you are a man who has made a mark in the world." "But think how the mark has depreciated!"

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## OUR WOBBLE EDITOR



HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A NEW JOKE



# "Radicalism" A La Carte

By MARAT

I HAVE just concluded a visit with a "radical." Yes he is. He belongs to a "radical" party and a "radical" farmers' organization; he used to carry a card in the IWW before he became a land owner (two acres of fir stumps).

The introductory meal was supper. I noticed the dishes were dingy and gray, but supposed it was neglect incidental to "bachelor life." After the meal, while he went about the evening chores, I washed them—using plenty of soap.

When he saw what I had done, he was shocked and, I think, genuinely frightened. Explaining that soap was a deadly poison and that even the smallest quantity would have a disastrous effect on the "stumick," he poured more water and spent several feverish minutes trying to rid the dishes of soapy taint.

Well, the dishes had one good washing anyway, though it will probably be their last.

Being an experienced dishwasher, I knew that the microscopic quantity of soap—even had it been as deadly as strychnine—adhering to properly washed dishes could not possibly injure the most delicate human organism; but, being his guest and at his mercy, so to speak, I said nothing.

Following a long lecture on the care of the "stumick" and a general theorem on hygiene—for which his own mode of life offered no supporting proof—he drifted into a discussion of women and the sex relation.

By this, I do not mean a succession of smutty stories, but a sincere and cleanly-worded attempt to analyze the "problem" from a high and moral viewpoint.

I, the son of a physician, graduate in obstetrics, married once, sometimes accused of "libertinism," knew of course that his relations of experience were mostly pure imagination while his theories were at variance with known physiological and psychological facts to such a degree as to be fantastic.

I stayed three days and he talked almost incessantly on subjects closely related to those mentioned above. Once, I succeeded in drawing him into a ten-minute discussion of local politics, and once he devoted almost five minutes to telling me the California boycott was bound to fail because "You can't get people to take an interest in matters of really vital importance." When I came away, his dishes were almost as dingy and greasy as ever.

The point is, my friend is not a psycho-physiological curiosity, but an ordinary specimen of a deplorably numerous type of "radical."

## "Radicals" 57 Varieties

Fresh air fiends, fast cure fanatics, ouija-board devotees, vegetarians, psycho-analysts with their "complexes," physical culturists; and, above all, sex maniacs. Gravely discussing "The Problem"



when they have seldom, if ever, experienced the most ordinary functional possibilities of their own organism. Declaiming at length upon love and the "divine passion" when, as a waitress said of one of them, "I'll bet he never had a real thrill in his life."

Because of the exceptional opportunity for expression on un-orthodox subjects, these freaks swarm in every radical and semi-radical organization. Speaking from personal knowledge, the active, directing membership of the socialist party, prior to the Great War, was largely composed of this type. Other organizations I could name are quite as bad.

Because of the more or less imaginary physical danger connected with membership, the IWW contains a smaller proportion of such freaks than is usually supposed. But, we too have them and they are, to say the most charitable thing possible, of very, very little value to the organization.

Being unequalled publicists, they, unwittingly perhaps, cumber our literature and our rostrum with extraneous problems and discussions; matters widely foreign to the economic basis of the class struggle and the propaganda of Industrial Unionism.

Not that I condemn all or any of these fads and 'isms—I have my own private hobby too—but, I think common honesty demands that when a person is more interested in some other subject than he is in industrial unionism he should withdraw from the IWW and align himself with some group that specializes in promulgating his particular brand of mental pabulum.



# Mankind at the Crossroads

A REVIEW BY BARAJEMES

CAN you visualize a world with "standing room only"? A world in which T-bone steaks, tender chops and cutlets are as rare as the proverbial honest man? A world peopled with vegetarians, not through choice but because of stern necessity? A world in which stores of wheat, corn and other cereals are guarded with as much care as the gold reserves of the present day? A world in which the dominant feature is not the struggle between the working class and the employing class but one between the fecundity of the human race and the food raising possibilities of the earth? A world filled, absolutely, to the saturation point with milling humans looking vainly, not for "new worlds to conquer," but for new space on which to raise food enough to sustain themselves?

## Shades of Malthus!

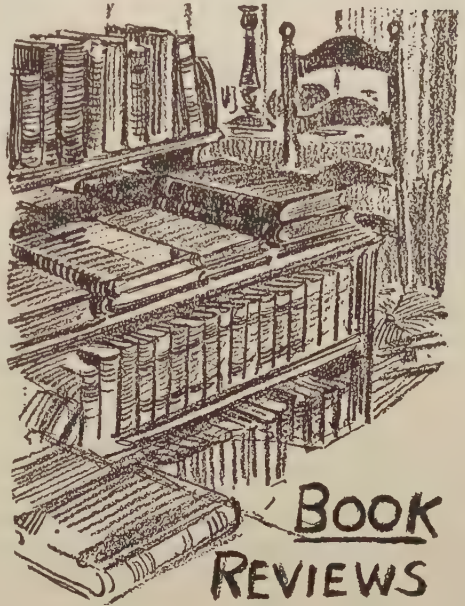
This is the startling picture of the world of tomorrow drawn by Edward M. East in *Mankind At The Crossroads*, a 350-page book which presents strong arguments for birth control, eugenics, scientific agriculture and a more thorough study of heredity and biology.

Professor East is a disciple of the Malthusian theory, and having had much better facilities for studying the question he has elaborated on it considerably, while at the same time discarding some of the less tenable ideas of his precursor. His main argument is based on the increase in world population in the last century, together with the fact that the arable portion of the earth is limited in area, and that neither chemistry, physics, or the natural sciences of agriculture, so far as he has been able to ascertain, warrant the belief that any such changes as have occurred in mechanics can take place in nature. His conclusions are the doleful picture presented in the opening paragraph—unless mankind awakens to the folly of continuing along its present path.

## Enough to Worry About

Limited experience with such an enormous question, which requires close and intensive study to analyze correctly prevents the writer from attempting to dispute the conclusion arrived at by Prof. East. However, as he himself points out "there is an old Hibernicism to the effect that 'one man's opinion is as good as another's, or even better'" and our opinion is that we have enough to worry about in the present-day world without indulging in pessimistic excursions into the next century.

The book contains much information of value to the student, has a great number of charts and maps illustrating trend of population increase, possible area of food-raising land, biological and heredity statistics and many points are made which add to anyone's general information. Occasionally, a gleam of satire appears when he holds up those in the seats



of power and points out the short-sighted, selfish policies pursued by them. There is nothing in the book to indicate that East is a radical, although one having made such an extensive study of world conditions could hardly be anything else. If he is able to form opinions on anything he surely has one of the present system which is hardly complimentary.

## Social Revolution the Solution

Be that as it may, except for saying that "each country needs a population compatible with a **sound economic system, where every member of society has the opportunity of developing to the full extent of his or her ability,**" he nowhere advances the idea that economic changes can postpone or eliminate the misery in store for mankind. This angle, overlooked by him, will be the one to which society can look for salvation. A social revolution comparable to the industrial revolution of the last century will provide the sound economic system necessary to human welfare and with this revolution will come such a standard of education that transgressions against natural laws or limitations will be unthinkable.

The problem of the producing portion of society is how to hasten this revolution and not to concern themselves with matters which are at least one hundred years away and which under the workers' administration of society may cease to be problems of any moment.

**Mankind At The Crossroads, By Edward M. East.**  
Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York and London.



# What Pioneer Boosters Say!

**F**ELLOW WORKER Justus Ebert, the editor to whom the following comments are addressed, has resigned on account of ill health. His resignation was offered on February 9 and took effect on February 23, the date on which the March number came off the press. Before leaving, however, he prepared most of the present number and if it appears worth-while it is so because of this fact. (Editor).

Charles Dunbar writes from Aberdeen, Wash.: "Increase our bundle order to 150. At present it is 100.

**"This month's (February) Pioneers are about gone and they are going better than last month. That cover seems to catch their eye."**

—o—

P. J. Hofer of Freeman, S. D., sends in two subs and regrets that unemployment won't let him subscribe for others. Says he:

**"I would, if I could, subscribe for all the fellows that seem to be interested in our wonderful publication, and pay for it out of my own pockets."**

"The ordinary slave sneers at me in this town, but our future generation, high school and college boys, seem to take great interest here lately. This is good."

—o—

N. Steelink sends in three new subs from Los Angeles, Calif., and says:

"I have read the February number, but my friends have not, and you had better start them off with it if you have any 'copies left."

**"It is an excellent number, and after reading it one has enough enthusiasm to get a half dozen subs. I got two so far and promise more."**

—o—

From Fullerton, Md., a reader sends these words: "As to the Industrial Pioneer, all that I can say, It Is Great."

—o—

Louise Brunzell of New York sends sub and exclaims:

**"May The Pioneer stay in the field where so many of our radical papers have died. The editor's ability is evident and the general literary output fine."**

—o—

Says Frank Jarvis, Selah, Wash.:

"Am sure anxious to get a copy of the next number. But it kind of gets my goat how you all keep making each issue better than the last.

**"But I think I can tell you the reason: You all are a bunch of class-conscious members of the IWW and your ideals are the same as mine (if it is not going too far for me to speak about myself)."**

Forty-four

"Send me fifty more copies of Industrial Pioneer and increase my order fifty copies.

Walter Holland, branch secretary, Tacoma, Wash., writes:

**"Say!—The Pioneer is the best magazine on the market today. They sell here like hot-cakes at meetings and entertainments."**

—o—

The writer known to Pioneer readers as "Blair," sends in the following from a Pacific Coast city:

"I have just finished reading the February Pioneer the second time. This statement should be 'Nuf sed' in appreciation of the work of the many minds and hands that co-operated in producing this fine periodical. But I also want to extend congratulations especially to the editor. I know enough of editorship to appreciate the very important part the editor plays in this particular field of cultural development. A good editor must have an equipment that enables him to exercise a fine discrimination in the selection of the best from the volume of matter that continually flows over the editorial desk. The Pioneer's editor seems to have a d— good sieve. His own writings are just about 'Jake' with me, and I believe I voice the membership as a whole when I say this. His Song of The Big City is a fine contribution to the new Pioneer literature that is blazing the trail that leads to the new social order.

"The foregoing is no 'blurb.' No doubt it strikes too much of a personal note in such an organization as the IWW, but I am acting on the theory that editors are only human and that a little honest appreciation of work well done is a great help to them in their daily grind.

**"That article on the Switchtender's Job, by a Civil Engineer was certainly a classic. We must keep up our flirtation with the technologists and The Pioneer is just the place to do it. If we can only get these aristocrats to reading it and contributing an occasional article themselves it will grease the skids for the rest of them."**

—o—

In connection with all of the above, read the article by James Foy, elsewhere in this issue, entitled "More About the Migratory Worker's Diary." Foy is the recipient of over fifty letters from all over the USA due to his article in the February issue. This will help show the extent of the Pioneer's influence.

The many contributors, artists, sub-getters, newsboys, bundle sellers, branch secretaries, readers, etc., who have contributed to this achievement can well feel proud of it. It should serve to stimulate them to greater achievement still.

All together! Let us work upward and onward to a greater Pioneer yet! First in circulation, first in service to labor, and first in the hearts of the working class. Let's go!

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER





## WHAT THE CENSUS SHOWS

**A**CCORDING to the report of the U. S. Census bureau, in 1920 there were 41,614,248 persons **ten years** or over, "gainfully employed" in this country.

They are distributed in the following proportions: public service, 770,460; mining, 1,090,233; professions, 2,143,889; transportation, 3,063,582; clerical, 3,126,541; domestic and personal service, 3,404,892; trade, 4,242,979; agriculture, 10,953,158; manufacturing, 12,818,524. Total, 41,614,248.

These figures will serve many purposes useful to the student of modern social conditions.

First, they make plain the decline of the farming population. The persons employed in agriculture now number less than one-quarter of all those "gainfully employed." Those employed in manufacture are greater in numbers, exceeding them by almost two millions. There was a time, just prior to the revolution of 1776, when only 8 per cent of the population was non-farming. Times have changed; and so has the population. They will change even more, making the farmers a minority indeed.

Second, the census figures show that 21,215,318 or more than one-half of the "gainfully employed" are active in manufacture, trade, transportation and mining. If we were to add those "gainfully employed" as "clerical," "domestic and personal service," and "public service" workers, 7,301,893 in all, we'd have a majority of wage workers that could dominate any situation were they only organized to do so.

But look at the state of working class organization as it really is: In 1920 there was a total of 4,924,300 persons organized in labor unions of all kinds. This was largely due to the fostering aid of the Wilson administration, which needed the support of organized labor in the world war and therefore promoted it.

The present total membership is estimated as being close to 3,731,372, a decrease of 1,192,928 or 24 per cent from the 1920 total. What makes the decrease even worse is the fact that there were 8 per cent more workers employed in 1923 than in 1920. Amid such conditions labor unionism generally booms, in every respect; yet this time it has failed to revive.

Undoubtedly, the vicious open shop drive of the combined employers' associations helped to bring this deplorable condition about. This drive was compact, well-planned and effective in many industries; and to it, consequently, can much damage be attributed.

But most of the danger was undoubtedly due to the unions themselves. They relied too much on the continuance of political and governmental aid that conditions no longer made possible. (They

are still chasing that delusion in various forms of political action). They further made no attempt to re-align their forces so as to meet successfully the post-war reaction. They continued to reject industrial unionism; which alone would meet the situation. They, consequently, could present no compact organization against that of the various united employers' associations. Further, they wasted their energy and strength in ousting progressive and revolutionary elements from their midst, with the ultimate result that they have virtually surrendered themselves to the employers and their destructive campaign. This is apparent in the statistics published above.

The labor unions may, however, come back again! They have their ups and downs. They have a way of living through periods of reaction and opposition. Oppression fails to kill them off! The workers must have unions. Consequently, in the long run, they will seek to reform them and make them fulfill their original mission once more.

In this endeavor will be found the opportunity of the industrial unionist. This is his day, did he but know it, and did he but prepare himself to realize it. Industrial unionism is alone able to reform the lines of labor's defensive and offensive. And as it spreads out and takes hold of the vast mass of the workers in industry will it triumph. To perfect, expand and extend industrial unionism, such should be the aim of every intelligent and alert industrial unionist.

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## THE ENGLISH VICTORY

**T**HE recent dockers' strike in England indicates that although English workers may find mental or intellectual stimulus in seeing one of themselves, Ramsay McDonald, hobnobbing with the King and otherwise disporting himself as a Premier should, they nevertheless, know that "if you want a job well done you must do it yourself."

And they did it. Doubtless to the great distress and mental worry of McDonald and the other leading lights of the Labor Administration.

The strike was a wonderful show of solidarity; over 120,000 men dropped their tools and declared their intention of fighting to the end for the two shilling increase, which the employers, who according to Ernest Bevin, Secretary of the Transport Workers, made 38,000,000 pounds profit last year, refused to grant.

Even with this two shilling increase the men will not receive the rate awarded them by the Shaw Inquiry in 1920, which fixed the pay at 16 shillings a day. With the increase the men in the larger ports will receive 12 shillings and those in the smaller ones 11 shillings. Little enough in all truth, when one remembers that dockers work, on the average, only



three days a week and that the employers made millions of pounds profit last year.

The expedition with which the demands were granted and the strike settled will, of course, be another argument to advance by supporters of Labor politics. It is reported McDonald threatened to take over the docks and operate them by the government unless the dock owners capitulated. Strange he said nothing about such action before the strike, although negotiations had been going on between the dockers and the employers for weeks before the break came. Government action, particularly Labor Government action, should be just as able to prevent a strike as to threaten dire things after it is actually started.

The chances are that the ugly temper of English labor in general had something to do with the sudden ending of the strike; more perhaps that McDonald and his threats. England with its marine industry tied up means a country virtually without food, and the widespread suffering which a protracted strike would entail might have brought about a state of affairs that the Labor government with its parliamentary action could not cope with. The dock owners no doubt realized this and acted accordingly.

Anyway the men won. It was a great victory; won on the industrial field it will be more to the liking of real English rebels than any triumphs in the Houses of Parliament. Likewise it will probably be of a more lasting nature. Industrially won concessions are easier to hold than any handed out by politicians, even though they be masquerading under the title of Labor Administrations.

And again it demonstrates that direct action gets the goods.

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### GERTRUDE'S POVERTY CURE

**"T**HE way to abolish poverty is to forbid it." So says Gertrude Atherton at the end of a full page article in the Chicago Sunday Examiner. Well, it's about what we would expect from one of the modern slush-peddlers, the "head-fixers" of capitalist society. Poverty is criminal, says she. Crime is forbidden by law. The rest is easy. Sure, pass a law forbidding poverty and we'll have the social revolution as an accomplished fact. Funny none of the revolutionists ever thought of such an obvious way out of the misery besetting humanity.

Just think, all along the solution was right there in plain sight and we never saw it. And Gertrude comes along and shows us the way—just like that. Well, it just goes to show how smart some people are.

However, to a man in the road something seems lacking in such a solution. Laws may be all right, anarchism never appealed to us, but—oh, well, what's the use of talking. . . . Gertrude, we're afraid you didn't delve very deeply into the causes of poverty or you wouldn't talk that way. When you abolish poverty something else happens. You also abolish riches. Strange you said nothing

about forbidding great fortunes. An oversight, we presume. Nevertheless, that law of yours would put a lot of parasites on the bum, yourself included.

Poverty is the direct result of exploitation. In order to abolish poverty you'll have to abolish exploitation and if you start writing about laws to abolish exploitation you won't be able to get full pages in the Sunday Examiner. More likely you'll get a few years in Leavenworth to think it over.

So beware, Gertrude; don't carry that argument about abolishing poverty too far. Better stick to your manly heroes and your rejuvenated heroines and let some of us poor guys who are more interested in abolishing poverty than you could possibly be, work out the problem.

You see, Gertrude, you've been up among the rose-tinted clouds of such goat-glanded balderdash as "Black Oxen" for so long that you've sort of lost your perspective. It can't be done that way in real life. The masters won't stand for the abolition of poverty just yet. There are not enough workers organized. Why, goodness gracious, if there were no poor people who would do the work of the world? On the level now, do you want poverty abolished or were you getting space rates?

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### REFUSE TO VOTE

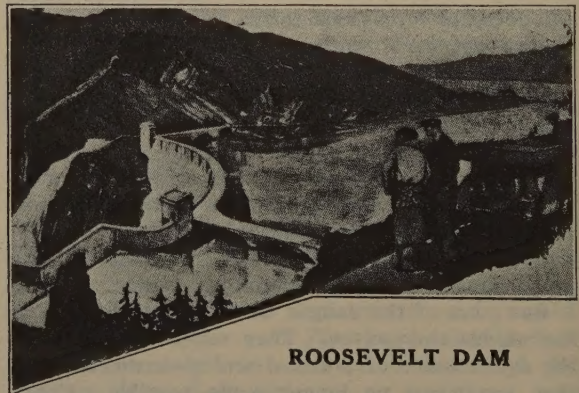
Out of a total electorate of twenty million, six million people did not vote at the recent parliamentary election in England.

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### NO WONDER 310 IS PROUD

Such achievements as the one shown in the picture below are everyday jobs for the General Construction Workers.

Impounding millions of tons of water behind massive concrete walls, digging tunnels through lofty mountains and building railroads across continents are just a few of the tasks allotted to them. No wonder they throw their chests out. They're important people.



ROOSEVELT DAM



# The Wonderful Age!

By DR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

## Introduction to the book "Romance of A Great Factory"

"WE are living in an unromantic age. Before the shriek of the locomotive the wood nymphs have fled, and the factory whistle has driven away the romance of the old times. Art and poetry cannot flourish in our cold engineering age."

Thus says the professor of literature dissecting the master works of by-gone ages from Homer to Goethe, and tells us what literary art is.

Why do our literary men of today write "best sellers"—books whose only redeeming feature is that they are forgotten as quickly as sold. They fail to see the wonders of our day, the greatest in the world's history; they find nothing worthy of their literary skill, in our "cold engineering age"! But, over and again, they repeat the story of erotic sentimentalism, running up and down the scale from hysteria to pathological degeneration. Hopelessly out of touch with the world of today, they see nothing in it except sensual erotics of the more hysterical types; and it is characteristic that even in Faust, the world's greatest drama, our literary generation dwells chiefly on the merely incidental love episode of Marguerite.

When Homer wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey he told us of the adventures of his age; the conquest of Troy; the wanderings of the navigator through the terrors of the ocean at the dawn of history. Three thousand years later in his autobiography, Faust, Goethe tells us the adventures and aspirations of his age; from the youthful efforts to conceive the absolute—groping after the ideal of the true and beautiful—up to the satisfaction of sedate manhood, helping mankind to conquer Nature, and make the earth a better place in which to live.

The great writers of the past wrote of the age in which they lived, but the writers of today are out of touch with the Twentieth Century. There are a few exceptions; but rarely only does a Mark Twain discover romance in a "Tom Sawyer" or a "Huckleberry Finn;" seldom does a Jack London give us a "Buck" or a "White Fang;" there has been but one poet of the engineer—Kipling—with his "Day's Work" and "McAndrew's Hymn."

Those of us who have the education, leisure and inclination, can put ourselves back into the days of by-gone ages—enjoy their literary master-works, and travel with Homer through the terrors of the Mediterranean; but to most of us the only known world is the world of today—of the steamship and the railway train, the factory and mill, the electric light, telegraph and motor.

Is there no poetry in this world of ours? Do we really lack romance in this scientific and engineering Twentieth Century? Or is it not rather that the ignorance of the average literary man disables him to see the romance of our age!

There is more poetry, more romance in the advances which we have seen in our lifetime than ever Homer described.

We navigate not only the surface of the Mediterranean, but its very depths by submarine. We fly to the higher altitudes of the sky by airplane. We fling the human voice over thousands of miles across continents and oceans by telephone. Still unborn generations will hear the living voices of our musicians—bequeathed to them by the phonograph. Our great-great-grandchildren will see in action our prominent men of today—recorded and everlastingly perpetuated by the cinematoscope—that new historian of these great times.

There is romance in the life of the vigilant mariner who listens to the wireless message from distant shores. There is tragedy in the fate of the giant battle cruiser, military engineering's greatest advance; and with more effective power than all the war engines of former ages. Manned by thousands of men, guarded by heavy steel walls, running through the storm-tossed ocean with the speed of the hurricane, she goes to meet the enemy in the Nation's defense; and six minutes afterward her shattered hulk sinks beneath the waves.

There is romance in the mighty spinning top, the steam turbine fed by the stored sunlight of prehistoric ages—ages when ferns were giant trees, and our ancestors were crawling things in the slime on the shores of the lagoon—not very long ago, as time is counted in the universe. Turning at a speed which would carry it across the continent in a few hours were it not imprisoned in the power plant, some single turbines furnish mankind with electricity equalling the power of sixty thousand horses. They turn night into day and propel the electric train with the speed of the gale. They actuate mines and factories and make possible wonderful materials unknown to former generations.

In the modern factory there is far more romance and poetry than there has ever been in the history of the past; but we must be living with it to see and understand it. That is, we must be living with the men of our century, and not sheltered in the dust of past ages.

Therefore, I welcome this book, for the engineer-author lives with us—is a member of our organization. We are doing the world's work of today. He understands it, and sees the poetry in it. He describes the adventures of the thousands of us who have gathered together here in an organization mightier than any age has seen; have contributed to the conquest of Nature; and by our work have helped to make the world a better place in which to live.

[Romance of A Great Factory. C. M. Ripley. Baker and Taylor Co., New York City, N. Y.]



# Slavery Exists in West Virginia

(Continued from page 2)

"It is no secret among the non-union miners of West Virginia and Kentucky that the smallest ton they are compelled to load contains 2240 pounds—a long ton—but they are helpless to protect themselves from being cheated out of the extra 240 pounds.

"The State law of West Virginia requires that a check weighman shall be stationed at every mine. But the operators ignore this law. And the State officials pay no attention to the protests of the miners.

"For the operators who own the mines also own the public officials, just as they own the human slaves who dig coal for them for starvation wages."

## Own Public Officials

Another "mouthful," Mr. Jones, "The state officials pay no attention to the protests of the miners." That is, state officials pay no attention to anything which would better the conditions, but let the situation be reversed, and see how quickly they would act, as witness the Child Labor Law, and how quickly it was declared "unconstitutional" by the Supreme Court of the USA. The slave owners must not be deprived of their rights, these children must be made to keep these useless parasites in luxury, but you never hear of one of the brats of the parasites being at work.

How quickly the law steps in when the workers try to remedy the evils for themselves. San Quentin Prison and other prisons are full of workers who tried to organize the slaves, and better their conditions, but you don't notice any of the "officials" being in jail for disregarding the "law," or the sons of any of the Federal or State Officials whose names become linked with murder. Such cases are "hushed up."

Mr. Jones further states:—"Many mines in the distressed fields of West Virginia have not run for months. Others run from one to three days a week. Thus pay envelopes, even of those who work at all, are very thin.

## A Free Land?

"Yet the operators compel their miners to buy all their food at the mining company's stores where prices are the highest."

"All the clothing I saw in several stores was overalls for men and boys, and calico wrappers for women."

Conditions at Eskdale, in the Cabin Creek Valley, will speak for the entire field. Here five thousand persons—striking miners and their families—were ejected from houses which are owned by the coal operators, and are now living in tents. Each striker receives a few nickels from the union weekly for a little food.

At Eskdale the miners' union established a store to take care of its members. Anyone, though, may buy at its counters, even the strikebreakers were accepted as customers, but the coal hogs stopped

this practice and made their employes buy everything they needed at the company store.

In conclusion, to give you an idea of how much the employer "has the welfare of his employes at heart," and how much "the working class and the employing class have in common," I will quote the prices of goods at three different stores in Eskdale as given by Mr. Jones.

The following are the prices:

	Coal-hog's store	Private store	Union store
Flour 24½ lbs.	\$1.55	\$1.40	\$1.00
Soap	.08	.07	.05
Sugar per lb.	.13	.12	.10
Milk quart	.23	.20	.17

Everything else is in proportion.

## Read and Reflect

The first two paragraphs of the Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World say:—"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things in life.

"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system."

MORAL: Align yourself on the side of the working class. Join the union of your class. Take out a card in The Industrial Workers of the World.

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## Spoon River Anthology

Review By Sidney Weise

ANYONE can spend a profitable hour or two in glancing through "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters.

It is a collection of voices from the tombs of a village cemetery. Each shade gives a brief retrospect of his or her life, with satisfactions, disappointments, joys, sorrows and regrets described with the candor of one standing on the sidelines.

The banker calls attention to his success; the Martyr of Missionary Ridge wishes that he had gone to jail instead of joining the army, while the fiddler ends with the "same forty acres, a broken fiddle, a thousand memories, and not one single regret."

A quaint study of life values, cleverly written with a variety of expression which makes it easy to read.

Spoon River Anthology. By Edward Lee Masters.

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SPECIAL FEATURES! ORDER EARLY

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